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# Miscellaneous Pieces,

IN

TWO VOLUMES.

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VOLUME I.

CONTAINING

POEMS, TRANSLATIONS,

AND

ESSAYS.

Nunc itaque et versus, et cætera ludicra pono.

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L O N D O N:

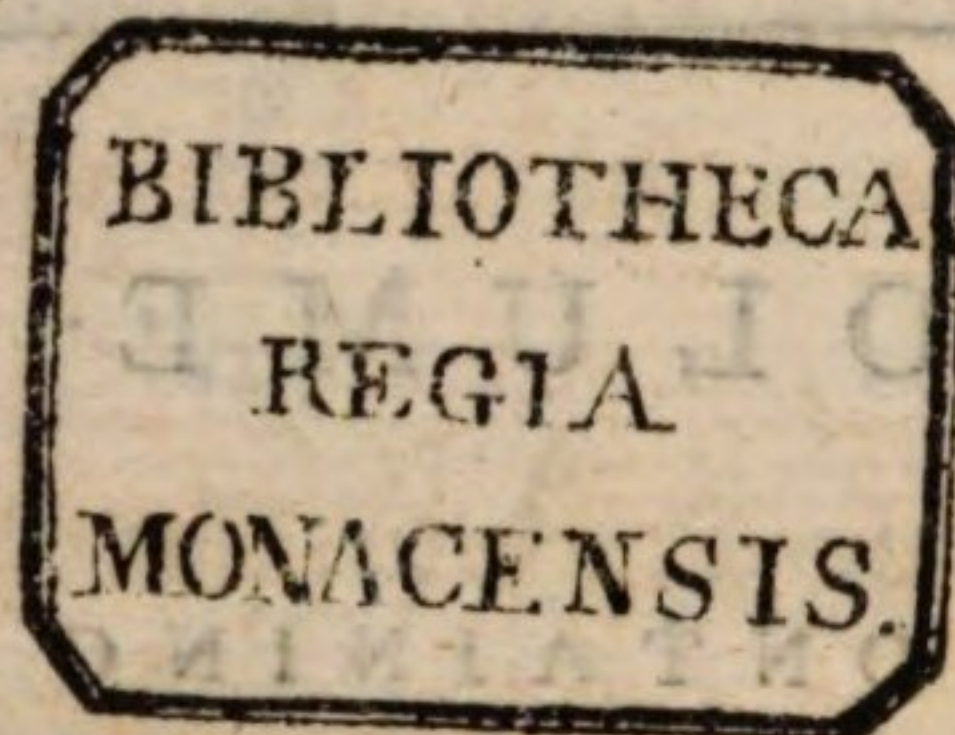
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Miscellaneous Pieces

IN

TWO VOLUMES



POEMS, TRANSLATIONS,

AND

ESSAYS

By the Author of the "Poems, Translations, and Essays"

LONDON

Printed by J. J. Johnson, at the "Lion and Lamb"

in Pall Mall.



POEMS, TRANSLATIONS,

AND

ESSAYS.



NATIONAL MILITARY

institute will make it possible for them to run  
away

And now the day has come when the  
by one of the best of poets, the power of all  
must be made to be a part of the world  
be a part of the world, the power of all  
the power of all

POEMS, TRANSLATIONS

ing for the world, the power of all  
the power of all, the power of all  
the power of all, the power of all  
the power of all, the power of all

AND

ESSAYS

long that the world is a part of the world  
the power of all, the power of all  
the power of all, the power of all  
the power of all, the power of all



THE  
ART of DANCING.

A  
POEM.

VOL I.

B



THE

ART OF DANCING.

A

P O E M.

B

Vol. I.





THE  
ART of DANCING:  
A POEM.

Inscribed to the Rt. Hon. the Lady FANNY  
FIELDING.

Written in the Year 1730.

*Incessu patuit Dea.*

VIRG.

CANTO I.

**I**N the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,  
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene,  
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,  
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,  
I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,  
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre ;



When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,  
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;

Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due)

What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view !

Hail loveliest art ! that can'st all hearts insnare,  
And make the fairest still appear more fair:  
Beauty can little execution do,  
Unless she borrows half her arms from you ;  
Few, like PYGMALION, doat on lifeless charms,  
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms ;  
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,  
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :  
A VENUS drawn by great Apelles' hand,  
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,  
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,  
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;  
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,  
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie,  
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,  
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :

This



This sets her beauty in the fairest light,  
And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;  
Then, as she turns around, from ev'ry part,  
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;  
In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries  
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes,  
For, PARTHIAN like, she wounds as sure behind,  
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd :  
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,  
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace,  
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,  
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,  
At every step new beauties we explore,  
And worship now, what we admir'd before :  
So when ÆNEAS in the TYRIAN grove,  
Fair VENUS met, the charming queen of Love,  
The beauteous Goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,  
Seem'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood,  
But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien,  
And graceful step confess bright Beauty's queen,



New glories o'er her form each moment rise,  
And all the Goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,  
What dresses best become the dancer, say,  
The rules of dress forget not to impart,  
A lesson previous to the dancing art,

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,  
Shews that his bloody occupation's war ;  
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,  
As plainly speaks divinity within ;  
The milk maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,  
Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes ;  
While the soft Belle immur'd in velvet chair,  
Needs but the silken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare :  
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,  
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,  
But load the dancer with too great a weight,  
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat ;

Rather



## D A N C I N G.

7

Rather let him his active limbs display  
In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy,  
Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,  
But airy, light, and easy be his dress;  
Thin be his yielding sole, and low his heel,  
So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,  
Precepts which use will better teach than song;  
For why should I the gallant spark command,  
With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand?  
Or in his fobb enlivening spirits wear,  
And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair?  
Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,  
Should from its silken bondage be unty'd?  
Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,  
Lest snowy clouds from out their wigs arise:  
So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,  
And shining silks with greasy powder foil'd?  
Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,  
Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare,



The pointed steel shall oft their stockings rend,  
And oft th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair, I sing to you,  
With pleasing smiles my useful labours view ;  
For you the silkworms fine-wrought webs display,  
And lab'ring spin their little lives away,  
For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,  
Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow,  
For you the sea resigns it's pearly store,  
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore ;  
In vain yet nature thus her gifts bestows,  
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, Nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,  
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;  
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine ;  
To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine ;  
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,  
And rich in native beauties, wants not arts;



In some are such resistless graces found,  
That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;  
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,  
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks is seen  
A constant blush, be clad in chearful green ;  
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go ;  
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow :  
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,  
With brighter yellow should o'ercome her own ;  
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,  
The sable's mournful dye should chuse to wear ;  
So the pale moon still shines with purest light,  
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,  
That wound with painted charms unwary hearts ;  
Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,  
Nor suffers charms that nature's hand denies :

Tho'



Tho' for a while we may with wonder view  
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,  
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,  
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow,  
 So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,  
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground,  
 Thro' the clear chrystal of the glitt'ring snow:  
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;  
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,  
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes;  
 Till ZEPHYR breathes, then all at once decay  
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away,  
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,  
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,  
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size,  
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,  
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,  
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many a  
 wound.

Nor



Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays, too straitly lac'd,  
In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist ;  
Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,  
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear ;  
Oft will the cobweb ornaments catch hold  
On the approaching button rough with gold,  
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,  
When once th' intangled Gordian knot is ty'd.  
So the unhappy pair, by HYMEN's power,  
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,  
The more they strive their freedom to regain,  
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,  
Ever be sure to tye her garters fast,  
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,  
A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,  
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew ;  
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But



But yet, (as' fortune by the self-same ways  
She humbles many, some delights to raise)  
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame  
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame.  
And hence the radiant Star and Garter blue  
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if fame says true:  
Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,  
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,  
Still thy lost Garter is thy sovereign's care,  
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But let me now my lovely charge remind;  
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;  
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,  
A toy at once display'd, for use and pride,  
A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms,  
Cools your own breasts, and ev'ry other's warms.  
What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell  
The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell?

What



What verse can e'er explain its various parts,  
Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts?  
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,  
Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,  
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,  
If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill:  
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,  
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,  
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,  
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;  
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,  
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?

Forbear, my muse, th' extensive theme to sing,  
Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing;  
Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,  
From whence this engine took its form and name,  
Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,  
How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once



Once in ARCADIA, that fam'd seat of love,  
There liv'd a nymph the pride of all the grove,  
A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;  
FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,  
Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair;  
To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,  
Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,  
For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,  
Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,  
And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of love,  
As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,  
Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun now mounted high,  
With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,  
Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,  
To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid;  
The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread  
A blush, that added to their native red,

And



And her fair breast, as polish'd marble white,  
Was half conceal'd, and half expos'd to sight:  
ÆOLUS the mighty God, whom winds obey,  
Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay,  
O'er all her charms he gazed with fond delight;  
And suck'd in poison at the dangerous sight,  
He sighs, he burns; at last declares his pain,  
But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain;  
The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,  
Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own;  
But still complains, that he who rul'd the air  
Wou'd not command one ZEPHYR to repair  
Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play  
Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day;  
By love incited, and the hopes of joy,  
Th'ingenious God contriv'd this pretty toy,  
With gales incessant to relieve her flame;  
And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.



## C A N T O II.

**N**OW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,  
The lovely nymphs, and well-dress'd youths  
advance ;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,  
And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd :  
Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes  
The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize ;  
So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,  
A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,  
Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,  
And in a gay confusion charm our eyes :  
High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,  
Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light,  
Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,  
Reflected back from gems, and eyes below ;  
Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair  
With breathing ZEPHYRS move the circling air,

The



The sprightly fiddle, and the founding lyre,  
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;  
 Fraught with all joys the blisful moments fly,  
 Whilst music melts the ear, and beauty charms the  
 eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place  
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,  
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,  
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;  
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,  
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,  
 First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:  
 \* By art directed o'er the foaming tide  
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide,

\* Arte citæ veloque rates remoque moventur,  
 Artes leves currus,

OVID.



By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,  
 Springs at the whip, and \* hears the strait'ning rein,  
 To art our bodies must obedient prove,  
 If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfixt, and free,  
 Hence lost in error, and uncertainty,  
 No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,  
 But ev'ry master taught a different way;  
 Hence ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,  
 The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,  
 Thro' various hands in wild confusion tost,  
 Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;  
 Till † FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,  
 And did the dance in characters compose,  
 Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,  
 And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:

\* — Nec audit currus habenas. VIRG.

† Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by Characters, in French,  
 since translated by Weaver.

Hence



Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,  
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,  
By distant masters shall each step be seen,  
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between ;  
Hence with her sister arts, shall dancing claim  
An equal right to universal fame,  
And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,  
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise Nature ever, with a prudent hand,  
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,  
To ev'ry nation frugally imparts,  
A genius fit for some peculiar arts ;  
To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,  
Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms ;  
BRITANNIA justly glories to have found  
Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around ;  
But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,  
Whether she forms, or executes the dance ;  
To her exalted genius 'tis we owe  
The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre flow,



The Borée, and Courant unpractis'd long,  
Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,  
With all those dances of illustrious fame,  
\* Which from their native country take their name,  
With these let ev'ry ball be first begunn,  
Nor country dance intrude till these are done.

Each cautious bard, ere he attempts to sing,  
First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing,  
And if he finds that with uncommon fire  
The Muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,  
At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,  
And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;  
But if he trembling fears a flight so high,  
He then descends to softer elegy,  
And if in elegy he can't succeed,  
In pastoral he still may tune the oaten reed :  
So shou'd the dancer, ere he tries to move,  
With care his strength, his weight, and genius prove ;

\* French Dances.

Then'



Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart  
Endowments proper for the dancing art,  
If in himself he feels together join'd,  
An active body and ambitious mind,  
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,  
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance ;  
If these he fears to reach, with easy pace  
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace :  
Is this too hard ? this too let him forbear,  
And to the country dance confine his care.

Would you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,  
To keep true time first be your thoughts employ'd ;  
All other errors they in vain shall mend,  
Who in this one important point offend ;  
For this, when now united hand in hand  
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,  
Let them a while their nimble feet restrain,  
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain :



So for the race prepared two courfers stand,  
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,  
Where nature has once fix'd a clumsy air ;  
Rather let such to country sports confin'd,  
Pursue the flying hare or tim'rous hind :  
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,  
A mien effeminate wou'd I advise :  
With equal scorn I would the fop deride,  
Nor let him dance, —— but on the woman's side:

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,  
A stupid dullness, and a coquet air,  
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,  
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round,  
Nor yet with giddy looks and wanton pride,  
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best exprest  
By nature only to advantage drest ;

'Tis



'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,  
That can pretend to please a curious eye,  
Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,  
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough that ev'ry stander-by  
No glaring errors in your steps can spy,  
The dance and music must so nicely meet,  
Each note shou'd seem an echo to her feet ;  
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,  
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell,  
Not to be taught, but ever to be seen  
In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien ;  
'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,  
When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball ;  
Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,  
And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the Minuet oft repeated o'er,  
(Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,



And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand  
Her charms, declines the circulating hand ;  
Then let the jovial Country-dance begin,  
And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :  
But ere they come, permit me to disclose,  
How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more)  
When ALBION's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,  
In some fair op'ning glade, each summer's night,  
Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,  
On the soft carpet of a grassy field,  
The sporting Fairies their assemblies held :  
Some lightly tripping with their pigmy queen,  
In circling ringlets mark'd the level green,  
Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,  
And music warble thro' the groves around,  
Oft lonely shepherds by the forest side,  
Belated peasants oft their revels spy'd,  
And home returning o'er their nut-brown ale,  
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.



Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,  
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,  
Round where the trembling may-pole fix'd on high,  
And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,  
The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,  
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport;  
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,  
Whose active elbows swelling winds command,  
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,  
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught, at first the Country-dance began,  
And hence to cities and to courts it ran,  
Succeeding ages did in time impart  
Various improvements to the lovely art;  
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,  
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd:  
Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,  
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds,  
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,  
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So



So rude at first the Tragic muse appear'd,  
Her voice alone by rustic rabble heard,  
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,  
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade ;  
The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,  
And in a cart the strolling actors rode :  
Till time at length improv'd the great design,  
And bade the scenes with painted landships shine ;  
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,  
And theatres of Parian marble rose,  
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,  
And Gods descended from their tow'rs on high,

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare  
To chuse a partner from the mingled fair ;  
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing Muse's voice,  
If she pretended to direct his choice :  
Beauty alone by fancy is exprest,  
And charms in diff'rent forms each diff'rent breast ;  
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,  
Whilst nut-brown cheeks another's bosom fires,

Small



Small waists, and slender limbs some hearts insnare,  
Whilst others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgment sway,  
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,  
And in the dance as in the marriage noose,  
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose :  
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill  
When she should move, and when she should be still,  
Who uninstructed can perform her share,  
And kindly half the pleasing burthen bear.  
Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,  
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state  
With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,  
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life ;  
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,  
A moving puppet but without a mind :  
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,  
Yet ne'er can teach so fast, as she can stray,  
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,  
And ever blush for errors not his own.

But



But now behold united hand in hand,  
Rang'd on each side, the well pair'd couples stand !  
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,  
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight ;  
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,  
And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,  
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare  
The fond impatience of the starting fair.  
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !  
Now here, now there the giddy maze they run,  
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,  
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight they spring :  
So, in a wheel with rapid fury tost,  
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer here no more requires a Guide,  
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,  
The Muse's precepts here would uselefs be,  
Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free ;  
Let him but to the music's voice attend,  
By this instructed he can ne'er offend ;



If to his share it falls the dance to lead,  
In well-known paths he may be sure to tread ;  
If others lead let him their motions view,  
And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In every Country-dance a serious mind,  
Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,  
In Hunt-the-Squirrel thus the nymph we view,  
Seek when we fly, but flies when we pursue :  
Thus in round-dances where our partners change,  
And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,  
As soon as one from his own consort flies,  
Another seizes on the lovely prize ;  
A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,  
Till the next comer steals her from his arms,  
New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;  
How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,  
Who read the curious volumes of the skies,



A model more exact than dancing name  
Of the creation's universal frame?  
Where world's unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,  
In a bright regular confusion stray;  
Now here, now there they whirl along the sky,  
Now near approach, and now far distant fly,  
Now meet in the same order they begun,  
And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the Mor'lif find a juster plan  
Of the vain labours, and the life of man;  
A while thro' justling crowds we toil, and sweat,  
And eagerly pursue we know not what,  
Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,  
Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care  
Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,  
Let not her charms so much engage your heart,  
That you neglect the skilful dancer's part;

Be



Be not, when you the tuneful notes would hear,  
Still whisp' ring idle prattle in her ear ;  
When you should be employ'd, be not at play,  
Nor for your joys all other steps delay ;  
But when the finish'd dance you once have done,  
And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,  
There rest a while ; there snatch the fleeting blifs,  
The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss ;  
Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,  
And her moist palm with eager fingers press ;  
With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,  
When music melts her soul, and dancing fires,

Thus mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,  
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view ;  
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,  
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays,  
Then, when the sun just rises o'er the deep ;  
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,  
With ready hand obsequious youths, prepare  
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,  
And guard her from the morn's inclement air :

} Let



Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,  
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,  
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,  
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist;  
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,  
Unchill'd by nightly damps or wintry snow,  
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger warm,  
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear  
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer,  
Ah, thoughtless fair! the tempting draught refuse,  
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muse;  
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,  
Nor hazard future pains, for present joy,  
Destruction lurks within the pois'nous dose,  
A fatal fever, or a pimpled nose.

Thus thro' each precept of the dancing art  
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part,

Thro'



Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,  
And pointed out the surest paths to tread ;  
No more remains ; no more the goddess sings,  
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings ;  
On downy beds the weary'd dancers lie,  
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye,  
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,  
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,  
Which the devouring teeth of time defies ;  
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,  
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd ;  
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear  
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear :  
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse  
These useful lines of my instructive muse ;  
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,  
And each bright beau shall read them — if he can.



# DANCING

Then, every man her pupils she has led,  
 And pointed out the surest paths to tread;  
 No more remains; no more the goddess sings,  
 But drops her pious, and unfeeling wings;  
 On downy beds the weary dancers lie,  
 And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye;  
 Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,  
 And even in sleep they seem to dance once more.  
 And now the work completely finish'd lies,  
 Which the devoting teeth of time defies;  
 While birds in air, or fish in streams we find,  
 Or daisies first with aged partners join'd;  
 As long as sympathy shall with sensitive ear,  
 A stiller rather than a warmer hear;  
 So long the brightest eyes shall oft perceive  
 These eternal lines of ray instructive there;  
 Each path shall wear them wrote upon her face,  
 And each bright heart shall read them — if he can.



AN  
EPISTLE

TO

Lord *LOVELACE*.

D 2



IN

EPISTLE

TO

Lord DONELANCE

By





*An EPISTLE, Written in the COUNTRY, to the Rt. Hon. the Lord LOVLACE then in TOWN.*

SEPTEMBER, 1735.

**I**N days, my Lord, when mother time,  
 Tho' now grown old, was in her prime,  
 When SATURN first began to rule,  
 And JOVE was hardly come from school,  
 How happy was a country life!  
 How free from wickedness and strife!  
 Then each man liv'd upon his farm,  
 And thought and did no mortal harm;  
 On mossy banks fair virgins slept,  
 As harmless as the flocks they kept;

D 3

Then



Then love was all they had to do,  
And nymphs were chaste, and swains were true.

But now, whatever poets write,  
'Tis sure the case is alter'd quite,  
Virtue no more in rural plains,  
Or innocence, or peace remains;  
But vice is in the cottage found,  
And country girls are oft unfound;  
Fierce party rage each village fires,  
With wars of justices and 'squires;  
Attorneys, for a barley straw,  
Whole ages hamper folks in law;  
And ev'ry neighbour's in a flame  
About their rates, or tythes, or game;  
Some quarrel for their hares and pigeons,  
And some for diff'rence in religions;  
Some hold their parson the best preacher,  
The tinker some a better teacher;  
These to the church they fight for strangers,  
Have faith in nothing but her dangers;

While



While those a more believing people,  
Can swallow all things ——— but a steeple.

But I, my Lord, who, as you know,  
Care little how these matters go,  
And equally detest the strife  
And usual joys of country life,  
Have by good fortune little share  
Of its diversions, or its care ;  
For seldom I with 'squires unite,  
Who hunt all day and drink all night ;  
Nor reckon wonderful inviting,  
A quarter sessions, or cock-fighting ;  
But then no farm I occupy,  
With sheep to rot, and cows to die :  
Nor rage I much or much despair,  
Tho' in my hedge I find a snare ;  
Nor view I, with due admiration,  
All the high honours here in fashion ;  
The great commissions of the quorum,  
Terrors to all who come before 'em ;



Militia scarlet edg'd with gold,  
Or the white staff high sheriffs hold;  
The representative's caressing,  
The judge's bow, the bishop's blessing;  
Nor can I for my soul delight  
In the dull feast of neighb'ring knight,  
Who, if you send three days before,  
In white gloves meets you at the door,  
With superfluity of breeding  
First makes you sick, and then with feeding:  
Or if with ceremony cloy'd,  
You wou'd next time such plagues avoid,  
And visit without previous notice,  
JOHN, JOHN, a coach! — I can't think who 'tis,  
My lady cries, who spies your coach,  
Ere you the avenue approach;  
Lord how unlucky! — washing day!  
And all the men are in the hay!  
Entrance to gain is something hard,  
The dogs all bark, the gates are barr'd;

The



L O R D L O V E L A C E. 41

The yard's with lines of linen cross'd,  
The hall-door's lock'd, the key is lost ;  
These difficulties all o'ercome,  
We reach at length the drawing room,  
Then there's such trampling over-head,  
Madam you'd swear was brought to bed ;  
Miss in a hurry bursts her lock,  
To get clean sleeves to hide her smock ;  
The servants run, the pewter clatters,  
My lady dresses, calls, and chatters ;  
The cook-maid raves for want of butter,  
Pigs squeak, fowls scream, and green geese flutter.  
Now after three hours tedious waiting,  
On all our neighbours faults debating,  
And having nine times view'd the garden,  
In which there's nothing worth a farthing,  
In comes my lady, and the pudden :  
You will excuse sir, — on a sudden —  
Then, that we may have four and four,  
The bacon, fowls, and collyflow'r

Their



Their ancient unity divide,  
The top one graces, one each side;  
And by and by, the second course  
Comes lagging like a distanc'd horse;  
A falver then to church and king,  
The butler sweats, the glasses ring;  
The cloth remov'd, the toasts go round,  
Bawdy and politics abound;  
And as the knight more tipsy waxes,  
We damn all ministers and taxes.  
At last the ruddy sun quite sunk,  
The coachman tolerably drunk,  
Whirling o'er hillocks, ruts, and stones,  
Enough to dislocate one's bones,  
We home return, a wond'rous token  
Of heaven's kind care, with limbs unbroken.  
Afflict us not, ye Gods, tho' sinners,  
With many days like this, or dinners!

But if civilities thus tease me,  
Nor business, nor diversions please me:  
You'll ask, my Lord, how time I spend?  
I answer, with a book or friend:

The



The circulating hours dividing,  
'Twixt reading, walking, eating, riding;  
But books are still my highest joy,  
These earliest please, and latest cloy.

Sometimes o'er distant climes I stray,  
By guides experienc'd taught the way;  
The wonders of each region view,  
From frozen LAPLAND to PERU;  
Bound o'er rough seas, and mountains bare,  
Yet ne'er forsake my elbow chair.

Sometimes some fam'd historian's pen  
Recalls past ages back agen,  
Where all I see, through ev'ry page,  
Is but how men, with senseless rage,  
Each other rob, destroy, and burn,  
To serve a priest's, or statesman's turn;  
Tho' loaded with a different aim,  
Yet always asses much the same.

Sometimes I view with much delight,  
Divines their holy game-cocks fight;

Here



Here faith and works at variance set,  
Strive hard who shall the vict'ry get;  
Presbytery and episcopacy  
They fight so long, it would amaze ye :  
Here free-will holds a fierce dispute  
With reprobation absolute;  
There sense kicks transubstantiation,  
And reason pecks at revelation.  
With learned NEWTON now I fly  
O'er all the rolling orbs on high,  
Visit new worlds, and for a minute  
This old one scorn, and all that's in it :  
And now with lab'ring BOYLE I trace  
Nature through ev'ry winding maze,  
The latent qualities admire  
Of vapours, water, air, and fire :  
With pleasing admiration see  
Matter's surprising subtilty ;  
As how the smallest lamp displays,  
For miles around, it's scatter'd rays ;

Or



Or how (the case still more t' explain)

\* A fart, that weighs not half a grain,

The atmosphere will oft perfume

Of a whole spacious drawing room.

Sometimes I pass a whole long day

In happy indolence away,

In fondly meditating o'er

Past pleasures and in hoping more :

Or wander through the fields and woods,

And gardens bath'd in circling floods,

There blooming flowers with rapture view,

And sparkling gems of morning dew,

Whence in my mind ideas rise

Of CÆLIA's cheeks, and CHLOE's eyes.

'Tis thus, my Lord, I free from strife

Spend an inglorious country life ;

These are the joys I still pursue,

When absent from the town and you ;

\* See Boyle's experiments.



46 E P I S T L E T O, &c.

Thus pass long summer suns away,  
 Busily idle, calmly gay :  
 Nor great, nor mean, nor rich, nor poor,  
 Not having much, nor wishing more ;  
 Except that you, when weary grown  
 Of all the follies of the town,  
 And seeing, in all public places,  
 The same vain fops and painted faces,  
 Wou'd sometimes kindly condescend  
 To visit a dull country friend :  
 Here you'll be ever sure to meet  
 A hearty welcome tho' no treat,  
 One who has nothing else to do,  
 But to divert himself and you :  
 A house, where quiet guards the door,  
 No rural wits smoak, drink, and roar,  
 Choice books, safe horses, wholesome liquor,  
 Clean girls, backgammon, and the vicar.



AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
VIRTUE:



THE  
ESSAYS  
ON  
VIRTYE





A N

## ESSAY on V I R T U E.

To the Honourable PHILIP YORK, Esq;

*Atque ipsa utilitas justî prope mater et æqui.* HOR.

**T**HOU, whom nor honours, wealth, nor youth  
can spoil

With the least vice of each luxuriant foil,

Say, YORKE, (for sure, if any, thou canst tell)

What Virtue is, who practise it so well ;

Say, where inhabits this Sultana queen ;

Prais'd and ador'd by all, but rarely seen :

By what sure mark her essence can we trace,

When each religion, faction, age, and place



Sets up some fancy'd idol of its own,  
A vain pretender to her sacred throne ?  
In man too oft a well dissembled part,  
A self-denying pride in woman's heart ;  
In synods faith, and in the fields of fame  
Valour usurps her honours, and her name,  
Whoe'er their sense of virtue wou'd express,  
'Tis still by something they themselves possess.  
Hence youth good humour, frugal craft old-age,  
Warm politicians term it party-rage,  
True churchmen zeal right orthodox ; and hence  
Fools think it gravity, and wits pretence ;  
To constancy alone fond lovers join it,  
And maids unask'd to chastity confine it.

But have we then no law besides our will ?  
No just criterion fix'd to good and ill ?  
As well at noon we may obstruct our sight,  
Then doubt if such a thing exists as light ;  
For no less plain wou'd nature's law appear  
As the meridian sun unchang'd, and clear,  
Wou'd



Wou'd we but search for what we were design'd,  
And for what end th' Almighty form'd mankind ;  
A rule of life we then should plainly see,  
For to pursue that end must virtue be.

Then what is that ? not want of power, or fame,  
Or worlds unnumber'd to applaud his name,  
But a desire his blessings to diffuse,  
And fear lest millions shou'd existence lose ;  
His goodness only cou'd his pow'r employ,  
And an eternal warmth to propagate his joy.

Hence soul and sense diffus'd thro' ev'ry place,  
Make happiness as infinite as space ;  
Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze,  
Orbs rolls o'er orbs, and glow with mutual rays ;  
Each is a world, where form'd with wond'rous art  
Unnumber'd species live thro' every part :  
In ev'ry tract of ocean, earth, and skies,  
Myriads of creatures still successive rise ;



Scarce buds a leaf, or springs the vilest weed,  
But little flocks upon its verdure feed ;  
No fruit our palate courts, or flow'r our smell,  
But on its fragrant bosom nations dwell,  
All form'd with proper faculties to share  
The daily bounties of their Maker's care :  
The great Creator from his heav'nly throne,  
Pleas'd, on the wide-expanded joy looks down,  
And his eternal law is only this,  
That all contribute to the general bliss.

Nature so plain this primal law displays,  
Each living creature sees it, and obeys ;  
Each, form'd for all, promotes thro' private care  
The public good, and justly tastes its share.  
All understand their great Creator's will,  
Strive to be happy, and in that fulfill ;  
Mankind excepted, lord of all beside,  
But only slave to folly, vice, and pride ;  
'Tis he that's deaf to this command alone,  
Delights in others woe, and courts his own ;

Racks



Racks and destroys with tort'ring steel and flame,  
For lux'ry brutes, and man himself for fame ;  
Sets superstition high on virtue's throne,  
Then thinks his Maker's temper like his own ;  
Hence are his altars stain'd with reeking gore,  
As if he cou'd atone for crimes by more :  
Hence whilst offended heav'n he strives in vain  
T'appease by fasts and voluntary pain,  
Ev'n in repenting he provokes again.

How easy is our yoke ! how light our load !  
Did we not strive to mend the laws of God :  
For his own sake no duty he can ask,  
The common welfare is our only task ;  
For this sole end his precepts, kind as just,  
Forbid intemperance, murder, theft, and lust,  
With ev'ry act injurious to our own  
Or others good, for such are crimes alone :  
For this are peace, love, charity enjoin'd,  
With all that can secure and bless mankind.



Thus is the public safety Virtue's cause,  
And happiness the end of all her laws;  
For such by nature is the human frame,  
Our duty and our int'rest are the same.

But hold, crys out some Puritan divine,  
Whose well-stuff'd cheeks with ease and plenty shine,  
Is this to fast, to mortify, refrain?  
And work salvation out with fear and pain?  
We own the rigid lessons of their schools  
Are widely diff'rent from these easy rules;  
Virtue, with them, is only to abstain  
From all that nature asks, and covet pain;  
Pleasure and vice are ever near a-kin,  
And, if we thirst, cold water is a sin:  
Heav'n's path is rough and intricate, they say,  
Yet all are damn'd that trip, or miss their way;  
God is a being cruel and severe,  
And man a wretch, by his command plac'd here,  
In sun-shine for a while to take a turn,  
Only to dry and make him fit to burn.



Mistaken men, too piously severe !  
Thro' craft misleading, or misled by fear ;  
How little they God's counsels comprehend,  
Our universal parent, guardian, friend !  
Who, forming by degrees to bliss mankind,  
This globe our sportive nursery assign'd,  
Where for a while his fond paternal care  
Feasts us with ev'ry joy our state can bear :  
Each sense, touch, taste, and smell dispense delight,  
Music our hearing, beauty charms our sight ;  
Trees, herbs, and flow'rs to us their spoils resign,  
Its pearl the rock presents, its gold the mine ;  
Beasts, fowl, and fish their daily tribute give  
Of food and cloaths, and die that we may live :  
Seasons but change, new pleasures to produce,  
And elements contend to serve our use :  
Love's gentle shafts, ambition's towring wings,  
The pomps of senates, churches, courts, and kings,  
All that our rev'rence, joy, or hope create,  
Are the gay play-things of this infant state.



Scarcely an ill to human life belongs,  
But what our follies cause, or mutual wrongs ;  
Or if some stripes from providence we feel,  
He strikes with pity, and but wounds to heal ;  
Kindly perhaps sometimes afflicts us here,  
To guide our views to a sublimer sphere,  
In more exalted joys to fix our taste,  
And wean us from delights that cannot last.  
Our present good the easy task is made,  
To earn superior bliss, when this shall fade ;  
For, soon as e'er these mortal pleasures cloy,  
His hand shall lead us to sublimer joy :  
Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,  
Calm ev'ry grief, and dry each childish tear ;  
Waft us to regions of eternal peace,  
Where bliss and virtue grow with like increase ;  
From strength to strength our souls for ever guide,  
Thro' wondrous scenes of being yet untry'd,  
Where in each stage we shall more perfect grow,  
And new perfections, new delights bestow.

Oh !



Oh ! would mankind but make these truths their  
guide,  
And force the helm from prejudice and pride,  
Were once these maxims fix'd, that God's our friend,  
Virtue our good, and happiness our end,  
How soon must reason o'er the world prevail,  
And error, fraud, and superstition fail !  
None wou'd hereafter then with groundless fear,  
Describe th' Almighty cruel and severe,  
Predestinating some without pretence  
To heav'n, and some to Hell for no offence ;  
Inflicting endless pains for transient crimes,  
And favouring sects or nations, men or times.  
To please him none would foolishly forbear  
Or food, or rest, or itch in shirts of hair,  
Or deem it merit to believe or teach  
What reason contradicts, or cannot reach \* ;  
None would fierce zeal for piety mistake,  
Or malice for whatever tenets sake,

\* It is apprehended, that genuine Christianity requires not the belief of any such propositions,



Or think salvation to one sect confin'd,  
And Heav'n too narrow to contain mankind:

No more then nymphs, by long neglect grown  
nice,

Wou'd in one female frailty sum up vice,  
And censure those, who nearer to the right,  
Think virtue is but to dispense delight \*:

No servile tenets would admittance find,  
Destructive of the rights of human kind;  
Of power divine, hereditary right,  
And nonresistance to a tyrant's might:  
For sure that all shou'd thus for one be curs'd,  
Is but great nature's edict just revers'd.

No moralists then righteous to excess,  
Wou'd shew fair Virtue in so black a dress,

\* These lines mean only, that Censoriousness is a Vice more odious than Unchastity, this always proceeding from malevolence, that sometimes from too much good-nature and compliance.

That



That they, like boys, who some feign'd spright array,  
First from the spectre fly themselves away:  
No preachers in the terrible delight,  
But chuse to win by reason, not affright;  
Not, conjurers like, in fire and brimstone dwell,  
And draw each moving argument from hell.

No more our sage interpreters of laws,  
Wou'd fatten on obscurities, and flaws,  
But rather nobly careful of their trust,  
Strive to wipe off the long contracted dust,  
And be, like HARDWICKE, guardians of the just.

No more applause would on ambition wait,  
And laying waste the world be counted great,  
But one good-natur'd act more praises gain,  
Than armies overthrown, and thousands slain;  
No more would brutal rage disturb our peace,  
But envy, hatred, war, and discord cease;

Our



Our own and other's good each hour employ,  
 And all things smile with universal joy ;  
 Virtue with happiness her consort join'd,  
 Wou'd regulate and bless each human mind,  
 And man be what his Maker first design'd.



THE



THE  
MODERN  
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

*Quale Portentum neque militaris  
Daunia in latis alit esculetis,  
Nec Jubaæ te'lus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.*



THE  
MODERN  
FINE GENTLEMAN.

Written in the Year 1746.

Quale Perseus super medusis  
Dumtaxat in latris ante spectabitur,  
Iste Juba te latu generat, Iovisq;  
Arms erigit.





THE  
MODERN  
FINE GENTLEMAN.

**J**UST broke from School, pert, impudent, and  
raw,  
Expert in Latin, more expert in taw,  
His honour posts o'er ITALY and FRANCE,  
Measures St. PETER's dome, and learns to dance:  
Thence, having quick thro' various countries flown,  
Glean'd all their follies and expos'd his own,  
He back returns, a thing so strange all o'er,  
As never ages past produc'd before :

A mon-



A monster of such complicated worth,  
 As no one single clime could e'er bring forth :  
 Half atheist, papist, gamester, bubble, rook,  
 Half fidler, coachman, dancer, groom, and cook.

Next, because bus'ness now is all the vogue,  
 And who'd be quite polite must be a rogue,  
 In parliament he purchases a seat,  
 To make th' accomplish'd Gentleman compleat.  
 There safe in self-sufficient impudence,  
 Without experience, honesty, or sense,  
 Unknowing in her int'rest, trade, or laws,  
 He vainly undertakes his country's cause :  
 Forth from his lips, prepar'd at all to rail,  
 Torrents of nonsense burst, like bottled ale,  
 \* Tho' shallow, muddy ; brisk tho' mighty dull ;  
 Fierce without strength ; o'erflowing, tho' not full.

\* Parody on these lines of Sir J. Denham.

Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

Now



Now quite a Frenchman in his garb and air,  
 His neck yok'd down with bag and solitaire,  
 The liberties of BRITAIN he supports,  
 And storms at place-men, ministers, and courts;  
 Now in cropt greasy hair, and leather breeches,  
 He loudly bellows out his patriot speeches;  
 King, lords, and commons ventures to abuse,  
 Yet dares to shew those ears, he ought to lose.  
 From hence to WHITE's our virtuous CATO flies,  
 There sits with countenance erect and wise,  
 And talks of games of whist, and pig-tail pies. }  
 Plays all the night, nor doubts each law to break,  
 Himself unknowingly has help'd to make;  
 Trembling and anxious, stakes his utmost groat,  
 Peeps o'er his cards, and looks as if he thought.  
 Next morn disowns the losses of the night,  
 Because the fool would fain be thought a bite.

Devoted thus to politics, and cards,  
 Nor mirth, nor wine, nor women, he regards,



So far is ev'ry virtue from his heart,  
That not a gen'rous vice can claim a part;  
Nay, lest one human passion e'er should move  
His soul to friendship, tenderness, or love,  
To FIGG and BROUGHTON he commits his breast,  
To steel it to the fashionable test.

Thus poor in wealth, he labours to no end,  
Wretched alone, in crowds without a friend;  
Insensible to all that's good or kind,  
Deaf to all merit, to all beauty blind;  
For love too busy, and for wit too grave,  
A harden'd, sober, proud, luxurious knave,  
By little actions striving to be great,  
And proud to be, and to be thought a cheat.

And yet in this so bad is his success,  
That as his fame improves, his rents grow less;  
On parchment wings his acres take their flight,  
And his unpeopled groves admit the light;

With



With his estate his int'rest too is done,  
 His honest borough seeks a warmer sun ;  
 For him, now cash and liquor flows no more,  
 His independent voters cease to roar :  
 And BRITAIN soon must want the great defence  
 Of all his honesty, and eloquence,  
 But that the gen'rous youth more anxious grown  
 For public liberty, than for his own,  
 Marries some jointur'd antiquated crone :  
 And boldly, when his country is at stake,  
 Braves the deep yawning gulph, like CURTIUS, for  
     its sake.

Quickly again distress'd for want of coin,  
 He digs no longer in th' exhausted mine,  
 But seeks preferment, as the last resort,  
 Cringes each morn at levées, bows at court,  
 And, from the hand he hates, implores support :  
 The minister, well pleas'd at small expence  
 To silence so much rude impertinence,



With squeeze and whisper yields to his demands,  
And on the venal list enrolled he stands ;  
A ribband and a pension buy the slave,  
This bribes the fool about him, that the knave.  
And now arrived at his meridian glory,  
He sinks apace, despis'd by Whig and Tory ;  
Of independence now he talks no more,  
Nor shakes the Senate with his patriot roar,  
But silent votes, and with court-trappings hung,  
Eyes his own glitt'ring star, and holds his tongue.  
In craft political a Bankrupt made,  
He sticks to gaming, as the surer trade ;  
Turns downright sharper, lives by sucking blood,  
And grows, in short, the very thing he wou'd :  
Hunts out young heirs, who have their fortunes  
    spent,  
And lends them ready cash at cent per cent,  
Lays wagers on his own, and others lives,  
Fights uncles, fathers, grandmothers, and wives,

Till



Till death at length indignant to be made  
 The daily subject of his sport and trade,  
 Veils with his fable hand the wretch's eyes,  
 And, groaning for the betts he loses by't, he dies.





And, groaning for the pains he takes by it, he dies.  
Veils with his sable hand the wretch's eyes,  
The daily subject of his sport and trade,  
Till death at length indignant to be made





THE  
MODERN  
FINE LADY.

————— *Miseri quibus*  
*Intentata nites*

HOB.

Written in the Year 1750.



THE  
MODERN  
FINELANDY.

—  
Hob.

Written in the Year 1750.





THE  
MODERN  
FINE LADY.

SKILL'D in each art, that can adorn the fair,  
The sprightly dance, the soft *Italian* air,  
The Toss of quality and high-bred floor,  
Now Lady HARRIOT reach'd her fifteenth Year :  
Wing'd with diversions all her moments flew,  
Each, as it pass'd, presenting something new ;  
Breakfasts and auctions wear the morn away,  
Each evening gives an opera, or a play ;

Then



Then *Brag's* eternal joys all night remain,  
And kindly usher in the morn again.

For love no time has she, or inclination,  
Yet must coquet it for the sake of fashion;  
For this she listens to each fop that's near,  
Th' embroider'd colonel flatters with a sneer,  
And the cropt ensign nuzzels in her ear.  
But with most warmth her dress and airs inspire  
Th' ambitious bosom of the landed 'Squire,  
Who fain wou'd quit plump *DOLLY's* softer charms,  
For wither'd lean *Right Honourable* arms;  
He bows with reverence at her sacred shrine,  
And treats her as if sprung from race divine,  
Which she returns with insolence and scorn,  
Nor deigns to smile on a Plebeian born.

Ere long by friends, by cards, and lovers cross'd,  
Her fortune, health, and reputation lost;  
Her money gone, yet not a tradesman paid,  
Her fame, yet she still damn'd to be a maid,

Her



Her spirits sink, her nerves are so unstrung,  
 \* She weeps, if but a handsome thief is hung :  
 By mercers, lacemen, mantua-makers prest,  
 But most for ready cash for play distrest,  
 Where can she turn ! — The 'Squire must all re-  
     pair,  
 She condescends to listen to his pray'r,  
 And marry's him at length in mere despair.

But soon th' endearments of a husband cloy,  
 Her soul, her frame incapable of joy :  
 She feels no transports in the bridal-bed,  
 Of which so oft sh' has heard, so much has read ;  
 Then vex'd, that she should be condemn'd alone  
 To seek in vain this philosophic stone,  
 To abler tutors she resolves t' apply,  
 A prostitute from curiosity :  
 Hence men of ev'ry sort, and ev'ry size,  
 † Impatient for heaven's cordial drop, she tries ;

\* Some of the brightest eyes were at this time in tears for one  
 Maclean, condemned for a robbery on the high-way.

† The cordial drop heav'n in our cup has thrown,  
 To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

ROCH.



The fribbling beau, the rough unwieldy clown,  
 The ruddy templar newly on the town,  
 The Hibernian captain of gigantic make,  
 The brimful parson, and th' exhausted rake.

But still malignant fate her wish denies,  
 Cards yield superior joys, to cards she flies,  
 All night from *rout* to *rout* her chairmen run,  
 Again she plays, and is again undone.

Behold her now in ruin's frightful jaws !  
 Bonds, judgments, executions ope their paws ;  
 Seize jewels, furniture, and plate, nor spare  
 The gilded chariot or the tossel'd chair ;  
 For lonely feat she's forc'd to quit the town,  
 And \* TUBBS conveys the wretched exile down.

Now rumbling o'er the stones of *Tyburn-Road*,  
 Ne'er prest with a more griev'd or guilty load,  
 She bids adieu to all the well-known streets,  
 And envy's ev'ry cinder-wench she meets :

\* A Person well known for supplying People of Quality with  
 hired Equipages.

And



And now the dreaded country first appears,  
 With sighs unfeign'd the dying noise she hears  
 Of distant coaches fainter by degrees,  
 Then starts, and trembles at the sight of trees:  
 Silent and fullen, like some captive queen,  
 She's drawn along unwilling to be seen,  
 Until at length appears the ruin'd *Hall*  
 Within the grass-green moat and ivy'd wall,  
 The doleful prison where for ever she,  
 But not, alas! her griefs, must bury'd be.

Her coach the curate and the tradesmen meet,  
 Great-coated tenants her arrival greet,  
 And boys with stubble bonfires light the street,  
 While bells her ears with tongues discordant grate,  
 Types of the nuptial ties they celebrate:  
 But no rejoycings can unbend her brow,  
 Nor deigns she to return one aukward bow,  
 But bounces in disdain once to speak,  
 And wipes the trickling tear from off her cheek.

Now



78 THE FINE LADY.

Now see her in the sad decline of life,  
 A peevish mistress, and a sulky wife;  
 Her nerves unbrac'd, her faded cheek grown pale  
 With many a real, and many a fancy'd ail;  
 Of cards, admirers, equipage bereft,  
 Her insolence, and title only left;  
 Severely humbled to her one-horse chair,  
 And the low pastimes of a country fair:  
 Too wretched to endure one lonely day,  
 Too proud one friendly visit to repay,  
 Too indolent to read, too criminal to pray.  
 At length half dead, half mad, and quite confin'd,  
 Shunning, and shun'd by all of human kind,  
 Ev'n rob'd of the last comfort of her life,  
 Insulting the poor curate's callous wife,  
 Pride, disappointed pride, now stops her breath,  
 And with true scorpion rage she stings herself to  
 death.

*Horatii*



*Horatii Ep. I. Lib. II. ad Augustum.*

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THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF THE  
Second Book of *HORACE*,  
IMITATED.

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE  
*PHILIP*, Lord *HARDWICKE*,  
Lord High Chancellor of GREAT-BRITAIN.

Written in the Year 1748.



THE FIRST PART

Herbert E. I. Lib. II. of Augustus.

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## Advertisement.

**T**H E following piece is a burlesque imitation : a species of poetry, whose chief excellence consists in a lucky and humourous application of the words and sentiments of any author to a new subject totally different from the original. This is what is usually forgot both by the writers and readers of these kind of compositions ; the first of whom are apt to strike out new and independent thoughts of their own, and the latter to admire such injudicious excrescencies : these immediately lose sight of their original, and those scarce ever cast an eye towards him at all. It is thought proper therefore to advertise the reader, that in the following epistle he is to expect nothing more than an apposite conversion of the serious sentiments of Horace on the Roman poetry into more ludicrous ones on the subject of English politicks ; and if he thinks it not worth while to compare it line for line with the original, he will find in it neither wit, humour, nor even common sense ; all the little merit it can pretend to consist in solely in the closeness of so long, and uninterrupted an imitation.





# H O R A T I I

Ep. I. Lib. II.

Ad A U G U S T U M.

**C** U M tot sustineas, & tanta negotia solus,  
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
 Legibus emendes, in publica commoda peccem,  
 Si longo fermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar:

Romulus





THE  
FIRST EPISTLE  
OF THE  
Second Book of *HORACE*,  
IMITATED.

<sup>a</sup> **W**HILST you, my lord, such various toils  
sustain,  
Preside o'er Britain's Peers her laws explain,  
With ev'ry virtue ev'ry heart engage,  
And live the bright example of the age,  
With tedious verse to trespass on your time, 5  
Is sure impertinence, if not a crime.



<sup>b</sup> Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux,  
 Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti,  
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
 Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt,  
 Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
 Speratum meritis : <sup>c</sup> diram qui contudit hydram,  
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari :  
<sup>d</sup> Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes,  
 Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.  
<sup>e</sup> Presenti tibi maturos largimur honores,  
 Jurandasque tuum per nomen ponimus aras,  
<sup>f</sup> Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.

Sed



b All the fam'd heroes, statesmen, admirals,  
 Who after death within the sacred walls  
 Of WESTMINSTER with kings have been receiv'd,  
 Met with but sorry treatment, while they liv'd; 10  
 And tho' they labour'd in their country's cause,  
 With arms defended her, and form'd with laws,  
 Yet ever mourn'd they till'd a barren foil,  
 And left the world ungrateful to their toil  
 c Ev'n \* He, who long the house of Com--ns led, 15  
 That Hydra dire, with many a gaping head,  
 Found by experience to his latest breath,  
 Envy could only be subdu'd by death.  
 d Great men whilst living must expect disgraces,  
 Dead they're ador'd ——— when none desire their  
 places. 20

e This common fate, my lord, attends not you  
 Above all equal, and all envy too;  
 With such unrivall'd eminence you shine,  
 That in this truth alone all parties join,  
 The feat of justice in no former reign 25  
 f Was e'er so greatly fill'd, nor ever can again.

\* Sir R ——— W ———.



g Sed tuus hic populus sapiens & justus in uno,

Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis ante ferendo,

Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque

Æstimat, & nisi quæ terris semota, suisque

Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit, & odit.

h Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes

Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum

Vel Gabiis, vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,

Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,

Dictitet Albano Musis in monte locutas.

i Si quia Græcorum sunt antiquissima quæque

Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem

Scriptores trutinæ non est quod multa loquamur

Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri:

k Venimus ad summam fortunæ pingimus atque

l Psallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctior ipsis.

m Si meliora dies, ut vina poemata reddit

Scire velim, pretium chartis quotus arroget annus?

Scriptor abhinc annos centum, qui decidit, inter

Perfectos, veteresne referri debet? an inter

Viles, atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.

Est



\* But tho' the people are so just to you,  
 To none besides will they allow their due,  
 No minister approve, who is not dead,  
 Nor till h' has lost it, own he had a head ; 30  
<sup>h</sup> Yet such respect they bear to ancient things,  
 They've some for former ministers and kings ;  
 And, with a kind of superstitious awe,  
 Deem Magna Charta still a sacred law.

<sup>i</sup> But, if because the government was best 35  
 Of old in FRANCE, when freedom she possess'd,  
 In the same scale resolv'd to weigh our own,  
 ENGLAND's we judge was so, who then had none;  
 Into most strange absurdities we fall, 40  
 Unworthy to be reason'd with at all.

\* Brought to perfection in these days we see  
 All arts, and their great parent liberty,  
<sup>l</sup> With skill profound we sing, eat, dress, and dance,  
 And in each goût polite, excell ev'n FRANCE.

<sup>m</sup> If age of ministers is then the test, 45  
 And, as of wines, the oldest are the best,  
 Let's try and fix some æra, if we can,  
 When good ones were extinct, and bad began :



\* Est vetus, atque probus, centum qui perficit annos ?  
 Quid qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,  
 Inter quos referendus erit ? veteresne poetas,  
 An quos & præsens, & postera respuet ætas ?  
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honeste  
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno  
 Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ  
 ° Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo etiam unum,  
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ruenis acervit  
 Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis,  
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacrauit.

P Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus,  
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur,  
 Quo promissa cadant, & somnia Pythagorea :  
 † Nævius in manibus non est, & mentibus hæret  
 Pene recens, adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

† Ambigitur quoties utro sit prior ; aufert  
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti :  
 Dicitur Afrani toga convenisse Menandro ;  
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;  
 † Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.  
 † Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro  
 Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque poetas  
 Ad nostrum tempus Livii scriptoris ab ævo.                    In-



Are they all wicked since ELIZA's days?

Did none in CHARLES', or JAMES's merit praise? 50

Or are they knaves but since the revolution?

If none of these are facts then all's confusion;

And by the self same rule one cannot fail,

To pluck each hair out singly from the tail.

Wise CECIL, lov'd by people and by prince, 55

As often broke his word as any since:

Of ARTHUR's days we almost nothing know,

Yet sing their praise, because they're long ago.

Oft as 'tis doubted in their several ways

Which of past orators best merit praise, 60

We find it to decide extremely hard,

If HARLEY's head deserv'd the most regard,

Or WINDHAM's tongue, or JEKYL's patriot heart,

Old SHIPPEN's gravity, or WALPOLE's art.

These were ador'd by all with whom they voted, 65

And in the fullest houses still are quoted;

These have been fam'd from ANNA's days till ours,

When PELHAM has improv'd, with unknown  
pow'rs,

The art of ministerial eloquence,

By adding honest truth to nervous sense.

70

Oft



▪ Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat :

• Si veteres ita miratur, laudatque poetas,

Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet ; errat :

× Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè

Dicere credit eos, ignavè multa fatetur ;

Et sapit, & mecum facit & Jove judicat æquo.

• Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livii  
Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo

• Orbilium dictitare ; sed emendata videri

Pulchraque, & exactis minimum distantia, miror.

• Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum, &

Si versus paulos concinnior unus, & alter

Injuste totum ducit, venditque poema.

• Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non qui crassè

Compositum illepidève putetur sed quia nuper :

Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem & præmia pasci.

Rectè



u Oft are the vulgar wrong, yet sometimes right ;  
The late rebellion in the truest light

By chance they saw ; but were not once so wise,  
Unknown, unheard, in damning the excise :

v If former reigns they fancy had no fault, 70  
I think their judgment is not worth a groat :

x But if they frankly own their politicks  
Like ours, might have some blunders, and some tricks,  
With such impartial sentiments I join,  
And their opinions tally just with mine. 80

y I wou'd by no means church or king destroy,  
And yet the doctrines, taught me when a boy

z By CRAB the curate, now seem wond'rous odd,  
That either came immediately from God :

a In all the writings of those high flown ages 85

You meet with now and then some scatter'd pages  
Wrote with some spirit and with sense enough ;  
These sell the book the rest is wretched stuff :

b I'm quite provok'd, when principles, tho' true,  
Must stand impeach'd by fools, because they're  
new, 90

Shou'd



° Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulat Attæ  
 Fabula si dubitem, clamant periisse pudorem  
 Cuncti pene patres, ea cum reprehendere coner  
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit.  
 Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,  
 ° Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ  
 Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

° Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud  
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri ;  
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,  
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.  
 † Quod si tam Græcis novitas invisa fuisset  
 Quam nobis, quid nunc esset vetus ? aut quid haberet  
 Quod legeret, tereretque viritim publicus usus ?

‡ Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis  
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æqua,  
 † Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum,  
 † Marmoris, ut eboris fabros, ut æris amavit :  
 Suspendit picta vultum mentemque tabella :

Nunc



c Shou'd I but question, only for a joke,  
 If all was flow'rs, when pompous HANMER spoke,  
 If things went right, when St. JOHN trod the stage,  
 How the old tories all would storm and rage!

d They shun conviction, or because a truth 95  
 Confess'd in age implies they err'd in youth;  
 Or that they scorn to learn of junior wits: —  
 What! — to be taught by LYTTLETONS and PITTS.

e When angry patriots or in prose or rhymes,  
 Extoll the virtuous deeds of former times, 100  
 They only mean the present to disgrace,  
 And look with envious hate on all in place:

f But had the patriots of those ancient days,  
 Play'd the same game for profit, or for praise,  
 The trade, tho' now so flourishing and new, 105  
 Had long been ruin'd and the nation too.

g ENGLAND, when once of peace and wealth possess'd,  
 Began to think frugality a jest,  
 So grew polite; hence all her well-bred heirs,

h Gamesters, and jockeys turn'd, and cricket-  
 play'rs; 110

i Pictures and busts in ev'ry house were seen;

What shou'd have pay'd the butcher, bought Pous-  
 SIN; Now



\* Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis :

<sup>1</sup> Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupidè petiit, mature plena reliquit :

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?

<sup>m</sup> Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

<sup>n</sup> Romæ dulce diu fuit, & solenne reclusa

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura,

Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos ;

<sup>o</sup> Majores audire, minores dicere per quæ

Crescere res posset minui damnosa libido.

<sup>p</sup> Mutavit mentem populus levis ; & calet uno

Scribendi studio ; pueri, patresque severi

<sup>q</sup> Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant.

<sup>r</sup> Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,

Inve-



<sup>k</sup> Now operas, now plays were all the fashion,  
 Then whist became the business of the nation,  
<sup>l</sup> That, like a forward child, in wanton play 115  
 Now cries for toys, then tosses them away ;  
 Each hour we chang'd our pleasures, dress, and diet ;  
<sup>m</sup> These were the blest effects of being quiet.

<sup>n</sup> Not thus behav'd the true old English 'squire,  
 He smok'd his pipe each morn by his own fire, 120  
 There justice to dispense was ever willing,  
 And for his warrants pick'd up many a shilling :  
<sup>o</sup> To teach his younger neighbours always glad,  
 Where for their corn best markets might be had,  
 And from experienc'd age as glad to learn, 125  
 How to defraud unseen the parson's barn.

<sup>p</sup> But now the world's quite alter'd, all are bent  
 To leave their seats, and fly to parliament:  
 Old men and boys in this alone agree,  
 And vainly courting popularity, 130  
 Ply their obstrep'rous voters all night long  
<sup>q</sup> With bumpers, toasts, and now and then a song :  
<sup>r</sup> Ev'n I, who swear these follies I despise,  
 Than statesmen, or their porters, tell more lies ;  
 And



96 H O R A T I I Epist. I. Lib. II.

Invenior Parthis mendacior ; & prius orto  
Sole, vigil calamum, & chartas, & scrinia posco.

ⁱ Navem agere ignarus navis timet; abrotonum ægro  
Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare ; quod medicorum est  
Promittunt medici : tractant fabrilia fabri ;  
Scribimus indocti, doctique poemata passim.

ᵀ Hic error tamen, & levis hæc insania quantas  
Virtutes habeat, sic collige : Vatis avarus

ⁿ Non temere est animus : versus amat, hoc studet u-  
num :

ʷ Detrimenta, fugas fervorum, incendia ridet ;

\* Non fraudem focio, puerove incogitat ullum  
Pupillo : ⁂ vivit filiquis, & pane secundo ;

² Militiæ quanquam piger, & malus, utilis urbi.

Si



And, for the fashion-fake, in spite of nature, 135  
Commence sometimes a most important creature,  
Busy as CAR—w rave for ink and quills,  
And stuff my head and pockets full of bills.

<sup>s</sup> Few land-men go to sea unless they're prest,  
And quacks in all professions are a jest; 140  
None dare to kill, except most learn'd physicians,  
Learn'd, or unlearn'd, we all are politicians:  
There's not a soul but thinks, cou'd he be sent,  
H' has parts enough to shine in parliament.

<sup>t</sup> Tho' many ills this modern taste produces, 145  
Yet still, my lord, 'tis not without its uses;

<sup>u</sup> These minor politicians are a kind

Not much to selfish avarice inclin'd;

Do but allow them with applause to speak,

<sup>w</sup> They little care, tho' all their tenants break; 150

<sup>x</sup> They form intrigues with no man's wife, or daughter,  
ter,

<sup>y</sup> And live on pudden, chicken-broth, and water;

<sup>z</sup> Fierce Jacobites, as far as blust'ring words,

But loth in any cause to draw their swords.





<sup>a</sup> Si das hoc parvis quoque rebus magna juvari,  
<sup>b</sup> Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat,  
<sup>c</sup> Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem,  
<sup>d</sup> Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,  
 Asperitatis, & invidiæ corrector, & iræ:  
<sup>e</sup> Recte facta refert; orientia tempora notis  
 Instruit exemplis; <sup>f</sup> inopem solatur & ægrum.

<sup>g</sup> Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti  
 Disceret unde preces, vatem ni musa dedisset?  
 Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numine sentit,  
<sup>h</sup> Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus:  
<sup>i</sup> Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit.  
<sup>k</sup> Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum:

Car-



<sup>a</sup> Were smaller matters worthy of attention, 155  
 A thousand other uses I cou'd mention ;  
 For instance, in each monthly magazine  
 Their essays and orations still are seen,  
<sup>b</sup> And magazines teach boys and girls to read,  
 And are the canons of each tradesman's creed ; 160  
 Apprentices they serve to entertain,  
<sup>c</sup> Instead of smutty tales, and plays profane ;  
<sup>d</sup> Instruct them how their passions to command,  
 And to hate none — but those who rule the land :  
<sup>e</sup> Facts they record, births, marriages, and deaths, 165  
<sup>f</sup> Sometimes receipts for claps, and stinking breaths.

<sup>g</sup> When with her brothers miss comes up to town  
 How for each play can she afford a crown ?  
 Where find diversions gratis, and yet pretty,  
 Unless she goes to church, or a committee ; 170  
 And sure committees better entertain,  
<sup>h</sup> Than hearing a dull parson pray for rain,  
<sup>i</sup> Or whining beg deliverance from battle,  
 Dangers, and sins, and sickness amongst cattle ;  
 At church she hears with unattentive ear 175  
<sup>k</sup> The pray'rs for peace, and for a plenteous year,



<sup>l</sup> Carmine Dii superi placantur, carmine Manes.

<sup>m</sup> Agricolaë priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,

<sup>n</sup> Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto  
Corpus, & ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem  
Cum fociis operum, & pueris, & conjuge fidâ  
Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,  
Floribus, & vino, Genium memorem brevis ævi.

<sup>o</sup> Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem  
Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;

<sup>p</sup> Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos  
Luſit amabiliter; donec jam ſævus apertam

<sup>q</sup> In rabiem verti cœpit jocus, & per honeſtas  
Ire domos impunè minax; doluere cruento

<sup>r</sup> Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura  
Conditione ſuper communi; quin etiam lex

<sup>s</sup> Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quenquam  
Deſcribi; vertere modum formidine fuſtis

Ad bene dicendum, delectandumque reducti.

<sup>t</sup> Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes  
Intulit agreſti Latio, ſic horridus ille

<sup>u</sup> Deſluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus  
Munditiæ pepulere: ſed in longum tamen ævum

Manſerunt,



But here quite charm'd with so much wit and sense,  
 She falls a victim soon to eloquence ;  
 Well may she fall ; since eloquence has power  
<sup>1</sup> To govern both the upper house and lower. 180

<sup>m</sup> Our ancient gentry, frugal, bold, and rough,  
 Were farmers yet liv'd happily enough ;  
<sup>n</sup> They, when in barns their corn was safely lay'd,  
 For harvest-homes great entertainments made,  
 The well-rub'd tables crack'd with beef and pork, 185  
 And all the supper shar'd who shar'd the work ;  
<sup>o</sup> This gave freeholders first a taste for eating,  
 And was the source of all election-treating ;  
<sup>p</sup> A while their jests, tho' merry, yet were wise,  
 And they took none but decent liberties. 190  
 Brandy and punch at length such riots bred,  
<sup>q</sup> No sober family cou'd sleep in bed :  
<sup>r</sup> All were alarm'd, ev'n those who had no hurt  
<sup>s</sup> Call'd in the law, to stop such dang'rous sport.  
<sup>t</sup> Rich citizens at length new arts brought down 195  
 With ready cash, to win each country town ;  
<sup>u</sup> This less disorders caus'd than downright drink,  
 Freeman grew civil, and began to think ;



<sup>w</sup> Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris.

<sup>x</sup> Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis,  
Et post Punica bella quietus, quærere cœpit,  
Quid Sophoclis, & Thespis, & Æschylus utile fer-  
rent ;

Tentavit quoque rem si dignè vertere posset,

<sup>y</sup> Et placuit sibi naturâ sublimis, & acer,

Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet :

<sup>z</sup> Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.

<sup>a</sup> Creditur ex medio quia res arcessit, habere

<sup>b</sup> Sudoris minimum ; sed habet Comœdia tanto

Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus : <sup>c</sup> Aspice Plautus

<sup>d</sup> Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis ephebi !

<sup>e</sup> Ut patris attenti, <sup>f</sup> lenonis ut insidiosi ;

Quantus sit Dorfennus <sup>g</sup> edacibus in parasitis !

Quam



<sup>w</sup> But still all convassing produc'd confusion,  
 The relicts of its rustic institution. 200

<sup>x</sup> 'Tis but of late, since thirty years of peace  
 To useful sciences have giv'n increase,  
 That w'have inquir'd how ROME's lost sons of old  
 Barter'd their liberties for feasts and gold;  
 What treats proud SYLLA, CÆSAR, CRASSUS  
                     gave, 205  
 And try'd, like them, to buy each hungry knave;  
 Nor try'd in vain; y too fortunately bold  
 Many have purchas'd votes, and many sold;  
 No laws can now amend this venal land,  
<sup>z</sup> That dreads the touch of a reforming hand. 210

Some think an int'rest may be form'd with ease,  
<sup>a</sup> Because the vulgar we must chiefly please;  
<sup>b</sup> But for that reason 'tis the harder task,  
 For such will neither pardon grant, nor ask.  
<sup>c</sup> See how Sir W—— master of this art, 215  
 By different methods wins each C——n heart.  
<sup>d</sup> He tells raw youths, that whoring is no harm,  
<sup>e</sup> And teaches their attentive fires to farm;  
 To his own table lovingly invites  
<sup>f</sup> Insidious pimps, and <sup>g</sup> hungry parasites; 220



<sup>h</sup> Quam non adstricto percurrat pulpita focco :

<sup>i</sup> Gestit enim nummos in loculos demittere, post hoc  
Securus cadat, an recto stet fabula talo.

<sup>k</sup> Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso gloria curru,  
Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus instat ;

<sup>l</sup> Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
rum

Subruit aut reficit : <sup>m</sup> Valeat res ludicra, si me  
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

<sup>n</sup> Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc, terretque poetam  
tam

Quod numero plures, virtute & honore minores  
Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati,  
Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

<sup>o</sup> Aut ursum, aut pugiles ; nam his plebecula gaudet.  
det.

Verum



<sup>h</sup> Sometimes in slippers, and a morning gown,  
He pays his early visits round a Town,  
At every house relates his stories over,  
Of place-bills, taxes, turnips, and HANOVER;  
<sup>i</sup> If tales will money save, and business do,      225  
It matters little, are they false or true.

<sup>k</sup> Whoe'er prefers a clam'rous mob's applause  
To his own conscience, or his country's cause,  
Is soon elated, and as soon cast down  
By every drunken cobbler's smile, or frown;      230  
<sup>l</sup> So small a matter can depress, or raise  
A mind, that's meanly covetous of praise:  
But if my quiet must dependent be  
On the vain breath of popularity,  
A wind each hour to diff'rent quarters veering,      235  
<sup>m</sup> Adieu, say I, to all Electioneering.

<sup>n</sup> The boldest orator it disconcerts,  
To find the many, tho' of meanest parts.  
Illit'rate, squabbling, discontented prigs,  
Fitter t' attend a boxing match at FIGG's,      240  
To all good sense, and reason shut their ears,  
Yet take delight in S—D—M's <sup>o</sup> bulls and bears.

Young



p Verum equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
 Omnis ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana :  
 Quatuor aut plures Aulæa premuntur in horas,  
 q Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ;  
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis,  
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves,  
 r Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.  
 Si foret in terris rideret Democritus, seu  
 Diverfum confusa genus panthera, camelo  
 Sive elephas albus vulgi converterer ora  
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis ;  
 Ut sibi prebentem mimo spectacula plura.  
 Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello  
 s Fabellam furdo ; nam quæ pervincere voces  
 Evaluere sonum, referent quem nostra theatra ?  
 Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum ;  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes  
 Divitiæque peregrinæ : t quibus oblitus actor  
 Quum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.  
 u Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil sane : quid placet ergo ?  
 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.



Young knights now sent from many a distant shire  
 Are better pleas'd with what they see than hear;  
 Their joy's to view his majesty approach, 245  
 Drawn by six milk-white steeds in gilded coach,  
 The pageant show and bustle to behold,  
 The guards both horse and foot lac'd o'er with gold,  
 The rich insignia from the Tower brought down,  
 The iv'ry scepter and the radiant crown. 250  
 The mob huzza the thund'ring cannons roar,  
 And business is delay'd at least an hour;  
 The Speaker calls indeed to mind what passes,  
 But might as well read orders to deaf asses.

But now see honest V—— rise to joke! 255  
 The house all laugh; "what says he? has he spoke?  
 No not a word; then whence this sudden mirth?  
 His phyz foretells some jest's approaching birth.

But



<sup>w</sup> Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
Quum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne ;

<sup>x</sup> Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur  
Ire poetam, meum qui pectus inaniter angit.

<sup>z</sup> Irritat, mulcet, <sup>a</sup> falsis terroribus implet,

<sup>y</sup> Ut magus, & <sup>b</sup> modo me Thebis, modo ponit A-  
thenis,

<sup>e</sup> Verum age, & his qui se lectori credere malunt,  
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,  
Curam redde brevem ; <sup>d</sup> si munus Apolline dignum  
Vis complere libris, <sup>e</sup> & vatibus addere calcar,  
Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem :

<sup>f</sup> Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,

<sup>g</sup> (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum

<sup>h</sup> Sollicito damus, aut fesso ! quum lædimur, unum

Si



w But lest I seem these orators to wrong,  
 Envious because I share no gift of tongue, 260  
 \* Is there a \* MAN whose eloquence has pow'r  
 To clear the fullest house in half an hour,  
 Who now appears to rave and now to weep,  
 \* Who sometimes makes us swear, and sometimes sleep,  
 Now fills our heads with false alarms from FRANCE,  
 a Then conjurer like b to INDIA bids us dance, 267  
 All elogies on him we own are true,  
 For surely he does all that man can do.

c But whilst, my lord, these makers of our laws,  
 Thus speak themselves into the world's applause, 270  
 d Let bards for such attempts too modest share  
 What more they prize, your patronage and care,  
 e If you would spur them up the muse's hill,  
 Or ask their aid your library to fill.  
 f We poets are in ev'ry age, and nation, 275  
 A most absurd, wrong-headed generation;  
 This in a thousand instances is shewn,  
 g (Myself as guilty as the rest I own)  
 As when on you our nonsense we impose,  
 h Tir'd with the nonsense you have heard in  
 prose;



110 HORATII Epist. I. Lib. II.

1 Siquis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum :

2 Quum loca, jam recitata revolvimus inrevocati ;

3 Quum lamentamur, non apparere labores

Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo :

4 Quum speramus eo rem venturam, ut simul atque

Carmina rescieris nos fingere commodus ultro

Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.

5 Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere quales  
Ædituos habeat belli, spectata domique

Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.

6 Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille

Chœrilus, incultis qui versibus & male natis

Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.

Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt

Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine fœdo

Splendida facta linunt ; idem rex ille, poema

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,

Edicto vetuit, nequis se præter Apellem

Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra

7 Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia ; quod si

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad libros, & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares,

8 Brœtum in crasso jurares aere natum.

At



i When w' are offended, if some honest friend  
 Prefumes one unharmonious verse to mend ;  
 \* When undesir'd our labours we repeat,  
 l Grieve they're no more regarded by the great,  
 m And fancy, shou'd You once but see our faces, 285  
 You'd bid us write, and pay us all with places.

n 'Tis your's, my lord, to form the soul to verse,  
 Who have such num'rous virtues to rehearse ;  
 ° Great ALEXANDER once, in ancient days,  
 Pay'd CHOERILUS for daubing him with praise ; 290  
 And yet the same fam'd heroe made a law,  
 None but APELLES shou'd his picture draw ;  
 \* None but LYSIPPUS cast his royal head  
 In brass : it had been treason if in lead ;  
 A prince he was in valour ne'er surpass'd, 295  
 And had in painting too perhaps some taste ;  
 But as to verse, undoubted is the matter,  
 \* He must be dull, as a Dutch commentator.

But



<sup>r</sup> At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque  
 Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,  
 Delecti tibi Virgilius, Variusque poetæ :

<sup>s</sup> Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa

Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum

Clarorum apparent.    <sup>t</sup> Nec sermones ego mallet

Repentes per humum, quam res componere gestas

Terrarumque situs, & flumina dicere, & arces

Montibus impositas, & barbaras regna, tuisque

<sup>x</sup> Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,

Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,

<sup>w</sup> Et formidatam Parthis te principe Romam :

<sup>y</sup> Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque :    <sup>v</sup> sed neque  
 parvum

Carmen majestas recipit tua, nec meus audet

Rem tentare pudor quam vires ferre recusent.

<sup>z</sup> Sedulitas autem, stulte quem diligit, urguet

Præcipuè cum se numeris commendat & arte :

Discit enim citius meminitque libentius, illud

Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat & veneratur.

Nil moror officium quod me gravat : ac neque ficto

In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,

Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :



' But you, my lord, a fav'rite of the muse,  
 Wou'd chuse good poets, were there good to  
 chuse, 300

' You know they paint the great man's soul as like,  
 As can his features KNELLER, or VANDYKE.

' Had I such pow'r, I never wou'd compose  
 Such creeping lines as these, nor verse, nor prose;  
 But rather try to celebrate your praise,

" And with your just encomiums swell my lays:

Had I a genius equal to my will,

Gladly wou'd I exert my utmost skill

To consecrate to fame BRITANNIA's land

Receiving law from your impartial hand; 310

By your wise councils once more pow'rful made,

Her fleets rever'd, and flourishing her trade;

" Exhausted nations trembling at her sword,

\* And \* PEACE long wish'd-for to the world restor'd.

' But your true greatness suffers no such praise, 315

' My verse would sink the theme it meant to raise;

Unequal to the task wou'd surely meet

Deserv'd contempt, and each presumptuous sheet

\* A general peace was at this time just concluded at Aix la Chapelle.



Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & una  
Cum scriptore meo, capsa porrectus aperta,  
<sup>a</sup> Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,  
Et piper, & quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.





**Cou'd** serve for nothing, scrawl'd with lines so simple,  
 • Unless to wrap up sugar-loaves for Wimple. 320







*To the Right Hon. the EARL of  
CHESTERFIELD, on his being in-  
stalled Knight of the GARTER.*

**T**H E S E trophies, STANHOPE, of a lovely  
dame,  
Once the bright object of a monarch's flame,  
Who with such just propriety can wear,  
As thou the darling of the gay and fair ?  
See ev'ry friend to wit, politeness, love,  
With one consent thy sovereign's choice approve !  
And liv'd PLANTAGENET her voice to join,  
Her self, and GARTER, both were surely thine.





*To a Lady in Town, soon after her  
leaving the Country.*

**W**Hilst you, dear maid, o'er thousands born  
to reign,  
For the gay town exchange the rural plain,  
The cooling breeze, and ev'ning walk forsake  
For stifling crowds, which your own beauties make;  
Thro' circling joys while you incessant stray,  
Charm in the Mall, and sparkle at the play;  
Think (if successive vanities can spare  
One thought to love) what cruel pangs I bear,  
Left in these plains all wretched, and alone,  
To weep with fountains, and with ecchos groan,  
And mourn incessantly that fatal day,  
That all my bliss with CHLOE snatch'd away.

Say by what arts I can relieve my pain,  
Music, verse, all I try, but try in vain;  
In vain the breathing flute my hand employs,  
Late the companion of my CHLOE's voice,



Nor HANDEL's nor CORELLI's tuneful airs  
Can harmonize my soul, or sooth my cares ;  
Those once-lov'd med'cines unsuccessful prove,  
Musick, alas, is but the voice of love !

In vain I oft harmonious lines peruse,  
And seek for aid from POPE's, and PRIOR's muse ;  
Their treach'rous numbers but assist the foe,  
And call forth scenes of sympathising woe :  
Here HELOISE mourns her absent lover's charms,  
There parting EMMA sighs in HENRY's arms ;  
Their loves like mine ill-fated I bemoan,  
And in their tender sorrows read my own.

Restless sometimes, as oft the mournful dove  
Forfakes her nest forsaken by her love,  
I fly from home, and seek the sacred fields,  
Where CAM's old urn its silver current yields,  
Where solemn tow'rs o'erlook each mossy grove,  
As if to guard it from th'assaults of love ;  
Yet guard in vain, for there my CHLOE's eyes  
But lately made whole colleges her prize ;

Her



Her sons, tho' few, not PALLAS cou'd defend,  
Nor DULLNESS succour to her thousands lend;  
Love like a fever with infectious rage  
Scorch'd up the young, and thaw'd the frost of age;  
To gaze at her, ev'n DONNS were seen to run,  
And leave unfinish'd pipes, and authors—scarce begun.

\* So Helen look'd and mov'd with such a grace,  
When the grave seniors of the Trojan race,  
Were forc'd those fatal beauties to admire,  
That all their youth consum'd, and set their town on fire.

At fam'd NEWMARKET oft I spend the day  
An unconcern'd spectator of the play;  
There pitiless observe the ruin'd heir  
With anger fir'd, or melting with despair:  
For how shou'd I his trivial loss bemoan,  
Who feel one, so much greater, of my own?

• Vid. Hom. IL. Lib. III. Ver. 150.



There while the golden heaps, a glorious prize,  
Wait the decision of two rival dice,  
Whilst long disputes 'twixt *seven* and *five* remain,  
And each, like parties, have their friends for gain,  
Without one wish I see the guineas shine,  
Fate, keep your gold, I cry, make CHLOE mine.  
Now see, prepar'd their utmost speed to try,  
O'er the smooth turf the bounding racers fly !  
Now more and more their slender limbs they strain,  
And foaming stretch along the velvet plain !  
Ah stay ! swift fleeds, your rapid flight delay,  
No more the jockey's smarting lash obey :  
But rather let my hand direct the rein,  
And guide your steps a nobler prize to gain ;  
Then swift as eagles cut the yielding air  
Bear me, oh bear me to the absent fair.

Now when the winds are hush'd, the air serene,  
And chearful sun-beams gild the beauteous scene,

Pensive



Pensive o'er all the neighb'ring fields I stray,  
Where e'er or choice, or chance directs the way:  
Or view the op'ning lawns, or private woods,  
Or distant bluish hills, or silver floods:  
Now harmless birds in silken nets insnare,  
Now with swift dogs pursue the flying hare:  
Dull sports! for oh my CHLOE is not there!

Fatigued at length I willingly retire  
To a small study, and a chearful fire,  
There o'er some folio pore, I pore tis true,  
But oh my thoughts are fled, and fled to you!  
I hear you, see you, feast upon your eyes,  
And clasp with eager arms the lovely prize;  
Here for a while I cou'd forget my pain,  
Whilst I by dear reflection live again:  
But ev'n these joys are too sublime to last,  
And quickly fade, like all the real ones past;  
For just when now beneath some silent grove  
I hear you talk — and talk perhaps of love,

Or



Or charm with thrilling notes the list'ning ear,  
Sweeter than angels sing, or angels hear,  
My treach'rous hand its weighty charge lets go,  
The book falls thund'ring on the floor below,  
The pleasing vision in a moment's gone,  
And I once more am wretched, and alone.

So when glad ORPHEUS from th'infernal shade  
Had just recall'd his long-lamented maid,  
Soon as her charms had reach'd his eager eyes,  
Lost in eternal night—again she dies.

T.





*To a* L A D Y.

*Sent with a Present of Shells and Stones  
design'd for a GROTTO.*

**W** I T H gifts like these, the spoils of neigh-  
b'ring shores,

The Indian swain his fable love adores,

Off'rings well suited to the dusky shrine

Of his rude goddess, but unworthy mine :

And yet they seem not such a worthless prize,

If nicely view'd by philosophic eyes ;

And such are yours, that nature's works admire

With warmth like that, which they themselves in-  
spire.

To such how fair appears each grain of sand,  
Or humblest weed as wrought by nature's hand !

How



How far superior to all human pow'r  
Springs the green blade, or buds the painted flow'r !  
In all her births, tho' of the meanest kinds,  
A just observer entertainment finds,  
With fond delight her low productions sees,  
And how she gently rises by degrees ;  
A shell, or stone he can with pleasure view,  
Hence trace her noblest works, the heav'ns ——— and  
you.

Behold, how bright these gaudy trifles shine,  
The lovely sportings of a hand divine !  
See with what art each curious shell is made,  
Here carv'd in fretwork, there with pearl inlaid !  
What vivid streaks th' enamell'd stones adorn,  
Fair as the paintings of the purple morn !  
Yet still not half their charms can reach our eyes,  
While thus confus'd the sparkling Chaos lies ;  
Doubly they'll please, when in your grotto plac'd,  
They plainly speak their fair disposer's taste ;  
Then



Then glories yet unseen shall o'er them rise,  
New order from your hand, new lustre from your  
eyes.

How sweet, how charming will appear this Grot,  
When by your art to full perfection brought ;  
Here verdant plants, and blooming flow'rs will grow,  
There bubbling currents thro' the shell-work flow ;  
Here coral mixt with shells of various dies,  
There polish'd stones will charm our wand'ring eyes ;  
Delightful bow'r of blifs ! secure retreat !  
Fit for the Muses, and STATIRA's seat.

But still how good must be that fair one's mind,  
Who thus in solitude can pleasure find !  
The muse her company, good-sense her guide,  
Resistless charms her pow'r, but not her pride :  
Who thus forsakes the town, the park, and play,  
In silent shades to pass her hours away ;  
Who better likes to breathe fresh country air ;  
Than ride imprison'd in a velvet chair,

And



And make the warbling nightingale her choice,  
Before the thrills of FARINELLI's voice ;  
Prefers her books, and conscience void of ill,  
To comforts, balls, assemblies and quadrille :  
Sweet bow'rs more pleas'd than gilded chariots fees,  
For groves the playhouse quits, and beaus for trees.

Blest is the man, whom heav'n shall grant one  
hour

With such a lovely nymph, in such a lovely bow'r !

To





*To a L A D Y*

*In Answer to a Letter wrote in a very fine  
Hand.*

**W**HILST well-wrote lines our wond'ring  
eyes command,

The beauteous work of CHLOE's artful hand,

Throughout the finish'd piece we see display'd

Th' exactest image of the lovely maid ;

Such is her wit, and such her form divine,

This pure, as flows the style thro' ev'ry line,

That like each letter, exquisitely fine.

See with what art the sable currents stain  
In wand'ring mazes all the milk-white plain !

Thus o'er the meadows wrap'd in silver snow

Unfrozen brooks in dark meanders flow ;

Thus



Thus jetty curls in shining ringlets deck  
The ivory plain of lovely CHLOE's neck :  
See, like some virgin, whose unmeaning charms  
Receive new lustre from a lover's arms,  
The yielding paper's pure, but vacant breast,  
By her fair hand and flowing pen imprest,  
At ev'ry touch more animated grows,  
And with new life and new ideas glows,  
Fresh beauties from the kind defiler gains,  
And shines each moment brighter from its stains.

Let mighty love no longer boast his darts,  
That strike unerring, aim'd at mortal hearts,  
CHLOE, your quill can equal wonders do,  
Wound full as sure, and at a distance too :  
Arm'd with your feather'd weapons in your hands,  
From pole to pole you send your great commands,  
To distant climes in vain the lover flies,  
Your pen o'ertakes him, if he 'scapes your eyes ;  
So those, who from the sword in battle run  
But perish victims to the distant gun.

Beau-



Beauty's a short-liv'd blaze, a fading flow'r,  
But these are charms no ages can devour ;  
These far superior to the brightest face,  
Triumph alike o'er time as well as space.  
When that fair form, which thousands now adore,  
By years decay'd, shall tyrannize no more,  
These lovely lines shall future ages view,  
And eyes unborn, like ours, be charm'd by you.

How oft do I admire with fond delight  
The curious piece, and wish like you to write !  
Alas, vain hope ! that might as well aspire  
To copy PAULO's stroke, or TITIAN's fire :  
Ev'n now your splendid lines before me lie,  
And I in vain to imitate them try ;  
Believe me, fair, I'm practising this art,  
To steal your hand, in hopes to steal your heart.





*To the Right Hon. the Lady Mar-*  
*garet Cavendish Harley, pre-*  
*sented with a Collection of*  
 POEMS.

**T**HE tuneful throng was ever beauty's care,  
 And verse a tribute sacred to the fair,  
 Hence in each age the loveliest nymph has been,  
 By undisputed right, the muses queen;  
 Her smiles have all poetic bosoms fir'd,  
 And patronis'd the verse themselves inspir'd:  
 LESBIA presided thus in Roman times,  
 Thus SACHARISSA reign'd o'er British rhymes,  
 And present bards to MARGARETTA bow,  
 For, what they were of old, is HARLEY now.

From OXFORD's house, in these dull busy days,  
 Alone we hope for patronage, or praise;

He



He to our slighted labours still is kind,  
Beneath his roof w' are ever sure to find  
(Reward sufficient for the world's neglect)  
Charms to inspire, and goodness to protect;  
Your eyes with rapture animate our lays,  
Your fire's kind hand uprears our drooping bays,  
Form'd for our glory and support, ye seem,  
Our constant patron he, and you our theme.  
Where shou'd poetic homage then be pay'd?  
Where ev'ry verse, but at your feet, be lay'd?  
A double right you to this empire bear,  
As first in beauty, and as OXFORD's heir.

Illustrious maid! in whose sole person join'd  
Ev'ry perfection of the fair we find,  
Charms that might warrant all her sex's pride,  
Without one foible of her sex to hide;  
Good nature artless as the bloom that dyes  
Her cheeks, and wit as piercing as her eyes.  
Oh HARLEY! cou'd but you these lines approve,  
These children sprung from idleness and love,



Cou'd they, (but ah how vain is the design !)  
 Hope to amuse your hours, as once they've mine,  
 Th' ill judging world's applause, and critics blame,  
 Alike I'd scorn: Your approbation's fame.



*H O-*



H O R A C E,

B O O K II O D E XVI.

I M I T A T E D.





# H O R A T I I

Lib. II. Od. XVI.

1. OTIUM divos rogat in patenti  
Prensus Ægeo, simul atra nubes  
Condidit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
Sidera nautis.

2. Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
Otium Medi pharetra decori  
Grosphæ, non gemmis, neque purpurâ ve-  
nale, nec auro.

3. Non enim gazæ, neque consularis  
Summovet lictor miseros tumultus  
Mentis, & curas laqueata circum  
Tecta volantes.

4. Vivitur parvo bene cui paternum  
Splendit in mensâ tenui salinum,  
Nec leves somnos timor, aut cupido  
Sordidus aufert.

Quid





# *H O R A C E,*

Book II. Ode XVI. Imitated.

To the Hon. PHILIP YORKE, Esq; soon after  
the General Election in 1747.

1. **F**OR quiet, YORKE, the sailor cries,  
When gathering storms obscure the skies,  
The stars no more appearing :
2. The candidate for quiet prays,  
Sick of the bumpers and huzza's,  
Of blest electioneering.
3. Who thinks, that from the speaker's chair  
The serjeant's mace can keep off care,  
Is wond'rously mistaken :
4. Alas ! he is not half so blest  
As those, wh' have liberty, and rest,  
And dine on beans and bacon.



Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo

Multa ? quid terras alio calente

5. Sole mutamus ? patriæ quis exul  
Se quoque fugit ?

6. Scandit æratas vitiosa naves

Cura : nec turmas equitum relinquit,

Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbos

Ocyor Euro.

7. Latus in præfens animus, quod ultra est

Oderit curare, & amara lento

Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni

8. Parte beatum.

9. Abstulit



5. Why should we then to London run,  
And quit our chearful country fun  
For business, dirt, and smoke?  
Can we, by changing place, and air,  
Our selves get rid of, or our care;  
In troth 'tis all a joke.

6. Care climbs proud ships of mightiest force,  
And mounts behind the general's horse,  
Outstrips hussars, and pandours;  
Far swifter than the bounding hind,  
Swifter than clouds before the wind,  
Or ——— before th' Highlanders.

7. A man, when once h' is safely chose,  
Shou'd laugh at all his threatning foes,  
Nor think of future evil:  
Each good has its attendant ill

8. A feat is no bad thing, but still  
Elections are the devil.

9. Its



138 H O R A T I I Lib. II. Ode 16.

9. Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,

10. Longa Tithonum minuit senectus ;

Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negârit,

Porriget hora.

11 Te greges centum, Siculæque circum

Mugiunt vaccæ : tibi tollit hinnitum

12 Apta quadrigis equa : te bis Afro

Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ : 13. mihi parva rura

14. Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ

Parca non mendax dedit, & malignum

Spernere vulgus.

H O R A -



9. Its gifts with hand imprrtial heav'n  
Divides : to ORFORD it was giv'n  
To die in full-blown glory ;
10. To — indeed a longer date,  
But then with unrelenting hate  
Pursu'd by Whig and Tory.
11. The gods to you with bounteous hand  
Have granted feats, and parks, and land ;  
Brocades and silks you wear ;  
With claret, and ragouts you treat,
12. Six neighing steeds with nimble feet  
Whirl on your gilded car ;
13. To me they've giv'n a small retreat,  
Good port and mutton, best of meat,  
With broad-cloth on my shoulders,  
A foul that scorns a dirty job,
14. Loves a good rhyme, and hates a mob,  
I mean who an't freeholders.





# H O R A T I I

## Lib. IV. Od. VIII.

1. **D**onarem pateras grataque commodus,  
Cenforine, meis æra sodalibus:

Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium

Grajorum; 2. neque tu pessima munerum

Ferres, me divite scilicet artium,

Quas aut Parrhasius protulit aut scopas

3. Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus

Solers nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.

4. Sed





## H O R A C E,

Book IV. Ode VIII. Imitated.

[To the Same.]

1. **D**ID but kind fate to me impart  
 Wealth equal to my generous heart,  
 Some curious gift to ev'ry friend,  
 A token of my love, I'd send ;
2. But still the choicest and the best  
 Shou'd be consign'd to friends at WREST.

An organ, which, if right I guess,  
 Wou'd best please lady MARCHIONESS,  
 Shou'd first be sent by my command,  
 Worthy of her inspiring hand :  
 To lady BELL of nicest mould  
 A coral set in burnish'd gold :  
 To you well knowing what you like,

3. Portraits by LELY or VANDYKE,  
 A curious bronze, or bust antique.



4. Sed non hæc mihi vis, nec tibi talium  
 Res est, aut animus deliciarum egens  
 Gaudes carminibus, carmina possumus  
 Donare, 5. & pretium dicere muneri.

6. Non incisa notis marmora publicis  
 Per quæ spiritus & vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus : non celeres fugæ  
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ  
 Non incendia Carthaginiis impiæ  
 Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ  
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam Calabræ Pierides, neque

7. Si chartæ fileant quod bene feceris  
 Mercedem tuleres. 8. Quid foret Iliæ  
 Mavortisque puer si taciturnitas  
 Obstaret meritis invida Romuli?  
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum

Virtus



4. But since these gifts exceed my power,  
And you, who need not wish for more,  
Already blest with all that's fine,  
Are pleas'd with verse, tho' such as mine ;  
As poets us'd in ancient times,  
I'll make my presents all in rhymes ;
5. And lest you shou'd forget their worth,  
Like them I'll set their value forth.
6. Not monumental brass or stones,  
The guardians of heroic bones,  
Not victories won by MARLBRO's sword,  
Nor titles which these feats record,  
Such glories o'er the dead diffuse,  
As can the labours of the muse.
7. But if she shou'd her aid deny,  
With you your virtues all must dye,  
Nor tongues unborn shall ever say  
How wise, how good, was lady GREY.
8. What now had been th' ignoble doom  
Of him who built imperial ROME ?  
Or him deserving ten times more,  
Who fed the hungry, cloth'd the poor,

Clear'd



Virtus & favor & lingua potentium

Vatum divitibus consecrat insulis.

9. Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,

Cœlo musa beat: 10. Sic Jovis interest

Optatis epulis impiger Hercules

Clarum Tyndaridæ fidus ab infimis

Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates.

Ornatus viridi tempora pampino

Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.





Clear'd streams, and bridges laid across,  
And built the little church of Ross?  
Did not th' eternal powers of verse  
From age to age their deeds rehearse.

9. The muse forbids the brave to dye,  
Bestowing immortality;

10. Still by her aid in blest abodes

ALCIDES feasts among the Gods;

And royal ARTHUR still is able

To fill his hospitable table

With English beef, and English knights,

And looks with pity down on WHITE'S.





On her Marriage to Lord ANSON.

With joy each British bosom burns,  
Fearless of FRANCE and SPAIN.

But still, my son, BRITANNIA cries,  
Still more thy merits claim ;  
Thy deeds deserve a richer prize,  
Than titles, wealth, or fame :

Twice



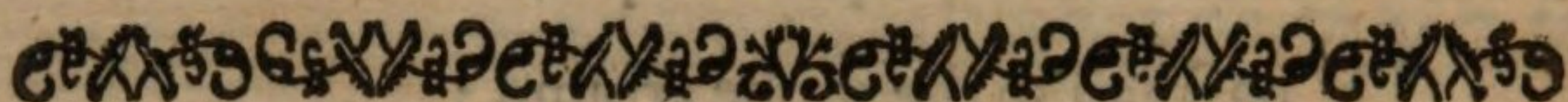
Twice wafted safe from pole to pole  
Th' haft sail'd the globe around ;  
Contains it ought can charm thy foul ?  
Thy fondest wishes bound ?

Is there a treasure worth thy care  
Within th' incircling line ?  
Say, and I'll weary heav'n with pray'r,  
To make that treasure thine.

Heav'n listen'd to BRITANNIA's voice,  
Agreed that more was due :

He chose ——— the gods approv'd his choice,  
And pay'd him all in You.





CHLOE *to* STREPHON.

A S O N G.

**T**OO plain, dear youth, these tell-tale eyes  
My heart your own declare,  
But for heav'n's sake let it suffice,  
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,  
Nor farther urge your sway;  
Pres not for what I must deny,  
For fear I shou'd obey.

Cou'd all your arts successful prove,  
Wou'd you a maid undo?  
Whose greatest failing is her love,  
And that her love for you.

Say,



Say, would you use that very pow'r  
You from her fondness claim,  
To ruin, in one fatal hour,  
A life of spotless fame?

Ah! cease, my dear, to do an ill,  
Because perhaps you may;  
But rather try your utmost skill  
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my virtue's guard,  
Defend, and not pursue;  
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,  
To fight with love and you.





## A S O N G.

**C**EASE, SALLY, thy charms to expand,  
 All thy arts and thy witchcraft forbear,  
 Hide those eyes, hide that neck and that hand,  
 And those sweet flowing tresses of hair.

Oh ! torture me not for Love's sake,  
 With the smirk of those delicate lips,  
 With that head's dear significant shake,  
 And the tofs of the hoop and the hips.

Oh ! sight still more fatal ! look there  
 O'er her tucker what murderers peep !  
 So — now there's an end of my care,  
 I shall never more eat, drink, or sleep.

D'you



D'you sing too ? ah mischievous thought !

Touch me, touch me not there any more ;

Who the devil can 'scape being caught

In a trap that's thus baited all o'er ?

But why to advise shou'd I try ?

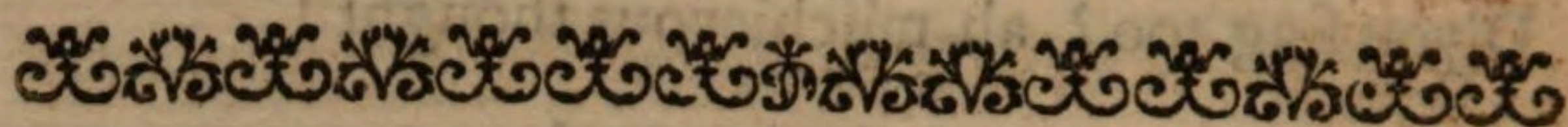
What nature ordains we must prove,

You no more can help charming, than I

Can help being charm'd, and in love.







A S O N G.

**W**H E N first I sought fair CÆLIA's love,  
And ev'ry charm was new,  
I swore by all the gods above  
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,  
Long wept and sigh'd in vain,  
She still protested, vow'd, and swore,  
She ne'er would ease my pain.

At last o'ercome she made me blest,  
And yielded all her charms,  
And I forsook her when possess'd,  
And fled to others arms.

But let not this, dear CÆLIA, now  
To rage thy breast incline,  
For why, since you forget your vow,  
Shou'd I remember mine ?

The





## The C H O I C E.

**H** A D I, PYGMALION like, the pow'r  
 To make the nymph I wou'd adore;  
 The model shou'd be thus design'd,  
 Like this her form, like this her mind.

Her skin shou'd be as lilies fair,  
 With rosy cheeks and jetty hair,  
 Her lips with pure vermilion spread,  
 And soft and moist, as well as red;  
 Her eyes shou'd shine with vivid light  
 At once both languishing, and bright;  
 Her shape shou'd be exact and small,  
 Her stature rather low than tall;  
 Her limbs well turn'd, her air and mien  
 At once both sprightly and serene;  
 Besides all this a nameless grace  
 Shoud be diffus'd all o'er her face;

To



To make the lovely piece complete,  
Not only beautiful, but sweet.

This for her form ; now for her mind ;  
I'd have it open, gen'rous, kind,  
Void of all coquettish arts,  
And vain designs of conquering hearts,  
Not sway'd by any views of gain,  
Nor fond of giving others pain ;  
But soft, tho' bright, like her own eyes,  
Discreetly witty, gayly wise.

I'd have her skill'd in ev'ry art  
That can engage a wand'ring heart ;  
Know all the sciences of love,  
Yet ever willing to improve ;  
To press the hand, and roll the eye,  
And drop sometimes an amorous sigh,  
To lengthen out the balmy kifs,  
And heighten ev'ry tender blifs ;  
And yet I'd have the charmer be  
By nature only taught, — or me.

I'd

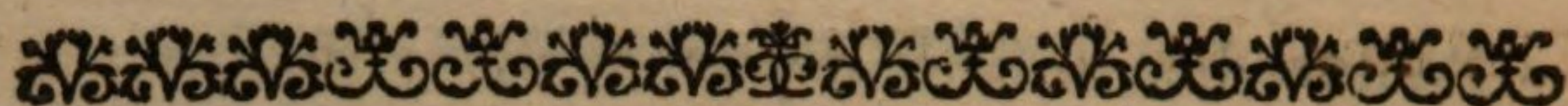


I'd have her to strict honour ty'd,  
And yet without one spark of pride ;  
In company well drest and fine,  
Yet not ambitious to outshine ;  
In private always neat and clean,  
And quite a stranger to the spleen ;  
Well-pleas'd to grace the park, and play,  
And dance sometimes the night away,  
But oftner fond to spend her hours  
In solitude, and shady bow'rs,  
And there beneath some silent grove,  
Delight in poetry, and love.

Some sparks of the poetick fire  
I fain would have her soul inspire,  
Enough, at least, to let her know  
What joys from love and virtue flow ;  
Enough, at least, to make her wise,  
And fops, and fopperies despise ;  
Prefer her books, and her own muse  
To visits, scandal, chat, and news ;  
Above her sex exalt her mind,  
And make her more than woman-kind.

To





To a young L A D Y,

Going to the W E S T - I N D I E S.

**F** O R universal sway design'd  
To distant realms CLORINDA flies,  
And scorns, in one small isle confin'd,  
To bound the conquests of her eyes.

From our cold climes to INDIA's shore  
With cruel haste she wings her way,  
To scorch their sultry plains still more,  
And rob us of our only day.

Whilst ev'ry streaming eye o'erflows  
With tender floods of parting tears,  
Thy breast, dear cause of all our woes,  
Alone unmov'd, and gay appears.

But still, if right the muses tell,  
The fated point of time is nigh,  
When grief shall that fair bosom swell,  
And trickle from thy lovely eye.                      Tho'



Tho' now, like PHILIP's son, whose arms  
Did once the vassal world command,  
You rove with unresisted charms,  
And conquer both by sea and land ;

Yet (when as soon they must) mankind  
Shall all be doom'd to wear your chain,  
You too, like him, will weep to find  
No more unconquer'd worlds remain.



CHLOE





C H L O E Angling.

**O**N yon fair brook's enamell'd side  
Behold my CHLOE stands!

Her angle trembles o'er the tide,  
As conscious of her hands.

Calm as the gentle waves appear,  
Her thoughts serenely flow,  
Calm, as the softly breathing air,  
That curls the brook below.

Such charms her sparkling eyes disclose,  
With such soft pow'r endu'd,  
She seems a new-born VENUS 'rose  
From the transparent flood.

From each green bank, and mossy cave,  
The scaly race repair,  
They sport beneath the chrystal wave,  
And kiss her image there.

Here



Here the bright silver eel enroll'd  
In shining volumes lies,  
There basks the carp bedroopt with gold  
In the sunshine of her eyes.

With hungry pikes in wanton play  
The tim'rous trouts appear,  
The hungry pikes forget to prey,  
The tim'rous trouts to fear.

With equal haste the thoughtless crew  
To the fair tempter fly,  
Nor grieve they, whilst her eyes they view,  
That by her hand they die.

Thus I too view'd the nymph of late,  
Ah simple fish beware!  
Soon will you find my wretched fate,  
And struggle in the snare.

But,



But, fair-one, tho' these toils succeed,  
Of conquest be not vain,  
Nor think o'er all the scaly breed  
Unpunish'd thus to reign ;

Remember in a wat'ry glafs  
His charms NARCISSUS spy'd,  
When for his own bewitching face  
The youth despair'd and dy'd.

No more then harmless fish insnare,  
No more such wiles pursue ;  
Lest, whilst you baits for them prepare,  
LOVE finds out one for you.

CHLOE





# CHLOE Hunting.

**W**HILST thousands court fair CHLOE's love,  
 She fears the dang'rous joy,  
 But, CYNTHIA like, frequents the grove,  
 As lovely, and as coy.

With the same speed she seeks the hind,  
 Or hunts the flying hare,  
 She leaves pursuing swains behind,  
 To languish and despair.

Oh strange caprice in thy dear breast !  
 Whence first this whim began ;  
 To follow thus each worthless beast,  
 And shun their sovereign man !

Consider, fair, what 'tis you do,  
 How thus they both must die,  
 Not surer they, when you pursue,  
 Than we whene'er you fly.

M

On





On L U C I N D A's Recovery from  
the SMALL-Pox.

**B**RIGHT VENUS long with envious eyes  
The fair LUCINDA's charms had seen,  
And shall she still, the goddess' cries,  
Thus dare to rival Beauty's queen!

She spoke, and to th' infernal plains  
With cruel haste indignant goes,  
Where Death the prince of terrors reigns  
Amidst diseases, pains, and woes.

To him her pray'rs she thus applies,  
O sole in whom my hopes confide!  
To blast my rival's potent eyes,  
And in her fate all mortal pride:

Let



Let her but feel thy chilling dart,  
I will forgive tremendous god,  
Ev'n that with pierc'd ADONIS' heart:  
He hears, and gives th' assenting nod.

Then calling forth a fierce DISEASE  
Impatient for the beauteous prey,  
Bids him the loveliest fabrick seize  
The gods e'er form'd of human clay.

Affur'd he meant LUCINDA's charms,  
To her th' infectious *dæmon* flies,  
Her neck, her cheeks, her lips disarms,  
And of their lightning robs her eyes.

The Cyprian queen with cruel joy.  
Beholds her rival's charms o'erthrown,  
Nor doubts, like mortal fair, t'employ  
Their ruins to augment her own.



From out the spoils of ev'ry grace

The goddess picks some glorious prize,  
Transplants the roses from her face,  
And arms young CUPIDS from her eyes.

Now DEATH (ah veil the mournful scene !)

Had in one moment pierc'd her heart,  
Had kinder FATE not stept between,  
And turn'd aside th' uplifted dart.

What frenzy bids, thy hand essay,

He cries, to wound thy surest friend,  
Whose beauties to thy realms each day  
Such num'rous crowds of victims send ?

Are not her eyes, where-e'er they aim,

As thine own silent arrows sure ?  
Or who that once has felt their flame,  
Dar'd e'er indulge one hope of cure ?

DEATH



DEATH thus reprov'd his hand restrains,  
And bids the dire distemper fly;  
The cruel beauty lives, and reigns,  
That thousands may adore, and dye:







Written in a L A D Y's Volume of  
T R A G E D I E S.

SINCE thou, relentless maid, can'st daily hear  
Thy slave's complaints without one sigh or tear,  
Why beats thy breast, or thy bright eyes o'erflow  
At these imaginary scenes of woe?  
Rather teach these to weep and that to heave,  
At real pains themselves to thousands give;  
And if such pity to feign'd love is due,  
Consider how much more you owe to true.

C U P I D





C U P I D   reliev'd.

**A**S once young CUPID went astray  
The little god I found,  
I took his bow and shafts away,  
And fast his pinions bound.

At CHLOE's feet my spoils I cast,  
My conquest proud to shew;  
She saw his godship fetter'd fast,  
And smil'd to see him so.

But, ah ! that smile such fresh supplies  
Of arms resistless gave !  
I'm forc'd again to yield my prize,  
And fall again his slave.





The W A Y to be W I S E.

Imitated from L A F O N T A I N E.

P O O R J E N N Y am'rous, young, and gay,  
Having by man been led astray,  
To nun'ry dark retir'd ;  
There liv'd, and look'd so like a maid,  
So seldom eat, so often pray'd,  
She was by all admir'd.

The lady A B B E S S oft would cry,  
If any sister trod awry,

Or prov'd an idle flattern ;

See wife, and pious Mrs. J A N E,

A life so strict, so grave a mien

Is sure a worthy pattern.



A pert young flut at length replies,  
Experience, madam, makes folks wise,  
'Tis that has made her such ;  
And we, poor souls, no doubt shou'd be  
As pious, and as wise, as she,  
If we had seen as much.



The





The Snow-ball, from Petronius Afranius.

**W**HITE as her hand fair JULIA threw  
 A ball of silver snow,  
 The frozen globe fir'd as it flew,  
 My bosom felt it glow.

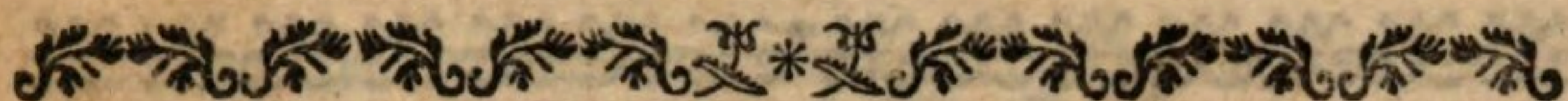
Strange pow'r of love ! whose great command  
 Can thus a snow-ball arm ;  
 When sent, fair JULIA from thine hand,  
 Ev'n ice itself can warm.

How shou'd we then secure our hearts ?  
 Love's pow'r we all must feel,  
 Who thus can, by strange magick arts,  
 In ice his flames conceal

'Tis thou alone, fair JULIA, know,  
 Canst quench my fierce desire,  
 But not with water, ice, or snow  
 But with an equal fire.

A N A-



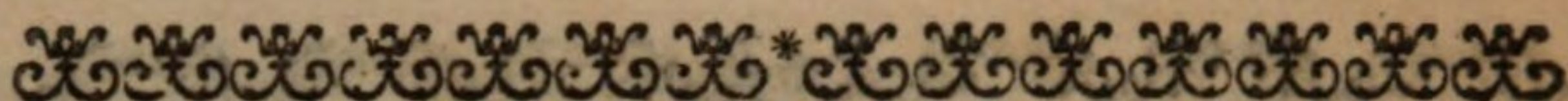


# ANACREON, Ode XX.

**A** Rock on Phrygian plains we see  
 That once was beauteous NIOBE :  
 And PROGNE, too revengeful fair !  
 Now flits a wand'ring bird in air :  
 Thus I a looking-glass wou'd be,  
 That you, dear maid might gaze on me ;  
 Be chang'd to stays, that straitly lac'd,  
 I might embrace thy slender waist ;  
 A silver stream I'd bath thee, fair,  
 Or shine pomatum on thy hair ;  
 In a soft sable's tippet's form  
 I'd kiss thy snowy bubbies warm ;  
 In shape of pearl thy bosom deck,  
 And hang for ever round thy neck :  
 Pleas'd, to be ought, that touches you,  
 Your glove, your garter or your shoe.

**A**





A Translation of some LATIN VERSES  
on the CAMERA OBSCURA.

**T**HE various pow'rs of blended shade, and  
light,  
The skilful ZEUXIS of the dusky night ;  
The lovely forms, that paint the snowy plain  
Free from the pencil's violating stain,  
In tuneful lines harmonious PHOEBUS, sing,  
At once of light, and verse celestial king.

Divine APOLLO ! let thy sacred fire  
Thy youthful bard's unskilful breast inspire,  
Like the fair empty sheet he hands to view,  
Void, and unfurnish'd, 'till inspir'd by you :  
O let one beam, one kind inlightning ray  
At once upon his mind, and paper play !  
Hence shall his breast with bright ideas glow,  
Hence num'rous forms the silver field shall strew.

But now the muse's useful precepts view,  
And with just care the pleasing work pursue.  
First chuse a window that convenient lyes,  
And to the north directs the wand'ring eyes, Dark



Dark be the room, let a straggling ray  
Intrude, to chase the shadowy forms away,  
Except one bright, refulgent blaze convey'd ,  
Thro' a strait passage in the shutter made,  
In which th' ingenious artist first must place  
A little, convex, round, transparent glass,  
And just behind th' extended paper lay,  
On which his art shall all its pow'r display :  
There rays reflected from all parts shall meet,  
And paint their objects on the silver sheet ;  
A thousand forms shall in a moment rise,  
And magick landships charm our wand'ring eyes :  
'Tis thus from ev'ry object that we view,  
If EPICURUS' doctrine teaches true,  
The subtile parts upon our organs play,  
And to our minds th' external forms convey.

But from what causes all these wonders flow,  
'Tis not permitted idle bards to know,  
How thro' the center of the convex glass,  
The piercing rays together twisted pass,

Or



Or why revers'd the lovely scenes appear,  
Or why the sun's approaching light they fear,  
Let grave philosophers the cause enquire,  
Enough for us to see, and to admire.

See then what forms with various colours stain  
The painted surface of the paper plain !  
Now bright, and gay, as shines the heav'nly bow,  
So late a wide, unpeopled waste of snow :  
Here verdant groves, there golden crops of corn  
The new uncultivated fields adorn ;  
Here gardens deckt with flow'rs of various dyes,  
There slender tow'rs, and little cities rise :  
But all with tops inverted downward bend,  
Earth mounts aloft, and skies and clouds descend :  
Thus the wise vulgar on a pendent land  
Imagine our antipodes to stand,  
And wonder much, how they securely go,  
And not full headlong on the heav'ns below.

The charms of motion here exalt each part  
Above the reach of great APELLES' art ;

Ze-



Zephyrs the waving harvest gently blow,  
The waters curl, and brooks incessant flow ;  
Men, beasts, and birds in fair confusion stray,  
Some rise to fight, whilst others pass away.

On all we seize that comes within our reach,  
The rolling coach we stop, the horse-man catch ;  
Compel the posting traveller to stay ;  
But the short visit causes no delay.

Again, behold what lovely prospects rise !  
Now with the loveliest feast your longing eyes.  
Nor let strict modesty be here afraid,  
To view upon her head a beauteous maid :  
See in small folds her waving garments flow,  
And all her slender limbs still slend'rer grow ;  
Contracted in one little orb is found  
The spacious hoop, once five vast ells around ;  
But think not to embrace the flying fair,  
Soon will she quit your arms unseen as air,

In



In this resembling too a tender maid,  
Coy to the lover's touch, and of his hand afraid.

Enough w' have seen, now let th'intruding day  
Chafe all the lovely magic scenes away ;  
Again th' unpeopled snowy waste returns,  
And the lone plain its faded glories mourns,  
The bright creation in a moment flies,  
And all the pigmy generation dies.

Thus, when still night her gloomy mantle spreads,  
The fairy's dance around the flow'ry meads !  
But when the day returns, they wing their flight  
To distant lands, and shun th' unwelcome light.

I

On



ON THE  
IMMORTALITY  
OF THE  
S O U L.

Translated from the **L A T I N** of  
**ISAAC HAWKINS BROWN, Esq;**

**Vol. I.**

\* N



THE HISTORY OF

THE CITY OF NEW YORK

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENT

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JOHN B. HENRY

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

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VOLUME I





On the IMMORTALITY of  
the S O U L.

T R A N S L A T E D

From the LATIN of ISAAC HAWKINS BROWN, Esq.

B O O K I.

**T**O all inferior animals 'tis giv'n  
T' enjoy the state allotted them by Heaven;  
No vain researches e'er disturb their rest,  
No fears of dark futurity molest.  
Man, only Man, solicitous to know  
The springs whence Nature's operations flow,  
Plods thro' a dreary waste with toil and pain,  
And reasons, hopes, and thinks and lives in vain;  
For sable Death still hov'ring o'er his head,  
Cuts short his progress, with his vital thread.

VOL. I.

N

Where-



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Wherefore, since Nature errs not, do we find  
 These feeds of Science in the human mind,  
 If no congenial fruits are predefign'd ?

For what avails to man this pow'r to roam  
 Thro' ages past, and ages yet to come,  
 T' explore new worlds o'er all th' ætherial way,  
 Chain'd to a spot, and living but a day ?  
 Since all must perish in one common grave,  
 Nor can these long laborious searches save.

Were it not wiser far, supinely laid,  
 To sport with Phillis in the noontide shade ?  
 Or at thy jovial festivals appear,  
 Great Bacchus, who alone the soul can clear,  
 From all that it has felt, and all that it can fear ?

Come on then, let us feast : let Chloe sing,  
 And soft Næra touch the trembling string ;  
 Enjoy the present hour, nor seek to know  
 What good or ill to-morrow may bestow.

But



But these delights soon pall upon the taste ;  
 Let's try then if more serious cannot last :  
 Wealth let us heap on wealth, or fame pursue,  
 Let pow'r and glory be our points in view ;  
 In courts, in camps, in senates let us live,  
 Our levees crowded like the buzzing hive :  
 Each weak attempt the same sad lesson brings !  
 Alas, what vanity in human things !

What means then shall we try ? where hope to  
 find

A friendly harbour for the restless mind ?  
 Who still, you see, impatient to obtain  
 Knowledge immense, (so Nature's laws ordain)  
 Ev'n now, tho' fetter'd in corporeal clay,  
 Climbs step by step the prospect to survey,  
 And seeks unwearied Truth's eternal ray. }  
 No fleeting joys she asks which must depend  
 On the frail senses, and with them must end ;  
 But such as suit her own immortal fame,  
 Free from all change eternally the same.



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Take courage then, these joys we shall attain ;  
 Almighty wisdom never acts in vain ;  
 Nor shall the soul on which it has bestow'd  
 Such pow'rs e'er perish like an earthly clod ;  
 But purg'd at length from foul corruption's stain,  
 Freed from her prison and unbound her chain,  
 She shall her native strength, and native skies re-  
 gain :

To heav'n an old inhabitant return,  
 And draw nectareous streams from truth's perpetual  
 urn.

Whilst life remains, (if life it can be call'd  
 T' exist in fleshly bondage thus enthrall'd)  
 Tir'd with the dull pursuit of worldly things,  
 The soul scarce wakes, or opes her gladfome wings,  
 Yet still the godlike exile in disgrace  
 Retains some marks of her celestial race ;  
 Else whence from mem'ry's store can she produce  
 Such various thoughts, or range them so for use ?

Can



Can matter these contain, dispose, apply ?  
 Can in her cells such mighty treasures lye ?  
 Or can her native force produce them to the eye ?

Whence is this pow'r, this foundress of al arts,  
 Serving, adorning life, thro' all its parts,  
 Which names impos'd, by letters mark'd those names,  
 Adjusted properly by legal claims,  
 From woods and wilds collected rude mankind,  
 And cities, laws, and governments design'd ?  
 What can this be, but some bright ray from heaven,  
 Some emanation from Omniscience given ?

When now the rapid stream of Eloquence  
 Bears all before it, passion, reason, sense,  
 Can its dread thunder, or its lightning's force  
 Derive their essence from a mortal source ?  
 What think you of the bard's enchanting art,  
 Which, whether he attempts to warm the heart  
 With fabled scenes, or charm the ear with rhyme,  
 Breathes all pathetic, lovely, and sublime ?



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Whilst things on earth roll round from age to age,  
 The same dull farce repeated on the stage;  
 The poet gives us a creation new,  
 More pleasing, and more perfect than the true;  
 The mind, who always to perfection hastes,  
 Perfection, such as here she never tastes,  
 With gratitude accepts the kind deceit,  
 And thence foresees a system more compleat.  
 Of those what think you, who the circling race  
 Of suns, and their revolving planets trace,  
 And comets journeying thro' unbounded space?  
 Say, can you doubt, but that th' all-searching soul,  
 That now can traverse heaven from pole to pole,  
 From thence descending visits but this earth,  
 And shall once more regain the regions of her birth?

Cou'd she thus act, unless some Power unknown,  
 From matter quite distinct and all her own,  
 Supported, and impell'd her? She approves  
 Self-conscious, and condemns; she hates, and loves,  
Mourns,



Mourns, and rejoices, hopes, and is afraid,  
Without the body's unrequested aid :  
Her own internal strength her reason guides,  
By this she now compares things, now divides ;  
Truth's scatter'd fragments piece by piece collects,  
Rejoins, and thence her edifice erects ;  
Piles arts on arts, effects to causes ties,  
And rears th' aspiring fabric to the skies :  
From whence, as on a distant plain below,  
She sees from causes consequences flow,  
And the whole chain distinctly comprehends,  
Which from the Almighty's throne to earth descends :  
And lastly, turning inwardly her eyes,  
Perceives how all her own ideas rise,  
Contemplates what she is, and whence she came,  
And almost comprehends her own amazing frame.  
Can mere machines be with such pow'rs endu'd,  
Or conscious of those pow'rs, suppose they cou'd ?  
For body is but a machine alone  
Mov'd by external force, and impulse not its own.



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Rate not th' extension of the human mind  
 By the Plebeian standard of mankind,  
 But by the size of those gigantic few,  
 Whom *Greece* and *Rome* still offer to our view ;  
 Or *Britain* well-deserving equal praise,  
 Parent of heroes too in better days.  
 Why shou'd I try her num'rous sons to name  
 By verse, law, eloquence consign'd to fame ?  
 Or who have forc'd fair Science into fight  
 Long lost in darkness, and afraid of light.  
 O'er all superior, like the solar ray,  
 First *Bacon* usher'd in the dawning day,  
 And drove the mists of sophistry away ;  
 Pervaded nature with amazing force,  
 Following experience still throughout his course,  
 And finishing at length his destin'd way  
 To *Newton* he bequeath'd the radiant lamp of day.

Illustrious souls ! if any tender cares  
 Affect angelic breasts for man's affairs,

If



If in your present happy heav'nly state,  
 You're not regardless quite of *Britain's* fate,  
 Let this degenerate land again be blest  
 With that true vigour which she once possess'd ;  
 Compel us to unfold our slumb'ring eyes  
 And to our ancient dignity to rise.  
 Such wond'rous pow'rs as these must sure be giv'n  
 For most important purposes by heav'n ;  
 Who bids these stars as bright examples shine  
 Besprinkled thinly by the hand divine,  
 To form to virtue each degenerate time,  
 And point out to the soul its origin sublime.  
 That there's a self which after death shall live,  
 All are concern'd about, and all believe ;  
 That something's ours, when we from life depart,  
 This all conceive, all feel it at the heart ;  
 The wise of learn'd antiquity proclaim  
 This truth the public voice declares the same ;  
 No land so rude but looks beyond the tomb  
 For future prospects in a world to come.

Hence,



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Hence, without hopes to be in life repaid,  
 We plant slow oaks posterity to shade ;  
 And hence vast pyramids aspiring high  
 Lift their proud heads aloft, and time defy.  
 Hence is our love of fame, a love so strong,  
 We think no dangers great, or labor's long,  
 By which we hope our beings to extend,  
 And to remotest times in glory to descend.

For fame the wretch beneath the gallows lies  
 Disowning every crime for which he dies ;  
 Of life profuse, tenacious of a name,  
 Fearless of death, and yet afraid of shame.  
 Nature has wove into the human mind  
 This anxious care for names we leave behind,  
 T' extend our narrow views beyond the tomb,  
 And give an earnest of a life to come :  
 For if when dead we are but dust or clay,  
 Why think of what posterity shall say ?  
 Her praise or censure cannot us concern,  
 Nor ever penetrate the silent urn.

What



What mean the nodding plumes, the fun'ral train,  
 And marble monument that speaks in vain,  
 With all those cares which ev'ry nation pays  
 To their unfeeling dead in different ways !

Some in the flower-strewn grave the corpse have  
                   lay'd,

And annual obsequies around it pay'd,  
 As if to please the poor departed shade ;

Others on blazing piles the body burn,

And store their ashes in the faithful urn ;

But all in one great principle agree

To give a fancy'd Immortality.

Why shou'd I mention those, whose ouzy soil

Is render'd fertile by th' o'erflowing *Nile*,

Their dead they bury not, nor burn with fires,

No graves they dig, erect no fun'ral pires,

But, washing first th' embowel'd body clean,

Gums, spice, and melted pitch they pour within ;

Then with strong fillets bind it round and round,

To make each flaccid part compact and sound ;

And



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And lastly paint the varnish'd surface o'er  
With the same features, which in life it wore :  
So strong their presage of a future state,  
And that our nobler part survives the body's fate.

Nations behold remote from reason's beams,  
Where *Indian Ganges* rolls his sandy streams,  
Of life impatient rush into the fire,  
And willing victims to their gods expire !  
Perswaded the loos'd soul to regions flies,  
Blest with eternal spring, and cloudless skies.

Nor is less fam'd the oriental wife  
For steadfast virtue, and contempt of life :  
These heroines mourn not with loud female cries  
Their husbands lost, or with o'erflowing eyes.  
But, strange to tell ! their funeral piles ascend,  
And in the same sad flames their sorrows end ;  
In hopes with them beneath the shades to rove,  
And there renew their interrupted love.

In



In climes where *Boreas* breathes eternal cold,  
 See num'rous nations, warlike, fierce, and bold,  
 To battle all unanimously run,  
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor instant death they shun :

Whence this disdain of life in ev'ry breast,  
 But from a notion on their minds imprest,  
 That all who for their country die, are blest.

Add too to these the once prevailing dreams,  
 Of sweet *Elysian* groves, and *Stygian* streams :

All shew with what consent mankind agree  
 In the firm hope of Immortality.

Grant these th'inventions of the crafty priest,

Yet such inventions never cou'd subsist,

Unless some glimm'rings of a future state,

Were with the mind coæval, and innate :

For ev'ry fiction, which can long perswade,

In truth must have its first foundations laid.

Because we are unable to conceive,

How unembod'y'd souls can act, and live,

The



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The vulgar give them forms, and limbs, and faces,  
 And habitations in peculiar places ;  
 Hence reas'ners more refin'd, but not more wise,  
 Struck with the glare of such absurdities,  
 Their whole existence fabulous suspect,  
 And truth and falsehood in a lump reject ;  
 Too indolent to learn what may be known,  
 Or else too proud that ignorance to own.  
 For hard's the task the daubing to pervade  
 Folly and fraud on Truth's fair form have laid ;  
 Yet let that task be our's ; for great the prize ;  
 Nor let us Truth's cælestial charms despise,  
 Because that priests or poets may disguise.

That there's a God from Nature's voice is clear,  
 And yet what errors to this truth adhere ?  
 How have the fears and follies of mankind  
 Now multiply'd their gods, and now subjoin'd  
 To each the frailties of the human mind ?  
 Nay superstition spread at length so wide,  
 Beasts, birds, and onions too were deify'd.



Th' *Athenian* sage, revolving in his mind  
 This weakness, blindness, madness of mankind,  
 Foretold, that in maturer days, tho' late,  
 When Time should ripen the decrees of Fate,  
 Some God would light us, like the rising day,  
 Thro' error's maze, and chase these clouds away.  
 Long since has time fulfill'd this great decree,  
 And brought us aid from this Divinity.

Well worth our search discoveries may be made  
 By Nature, void of this celestial aid :  
 Let's try what her conjectures then can reach,  
 Nor scorn plain Reason, when she deigns to teach.

That mind and body often sympathize  
 Is plain ; such is this union nature ties :  
 But then as often too they disagree,  
 Which proves the soul's superior progeny.  
 Sometimes the body in full strength we find,  
 Whilst various ails debilitate the mind ;

At



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At others, whilst the mind its force retains,  
The body sinks with sickness and with pains :  
Now did one common fate their beings end,  
Alike they'd sicken, and alike they'd mend.  
But sure experience, on the slightest view,  
Shews us, that the reverse of this is true ;  
For when the body oft expiring lies,  
Its limbs quite senseless, and half clos'd its eyes,  
The mind new force and eloquence acquires,  
And with prophetic voice the dying lips inspires.

Of like materials were they both compos'd,  
How comes it, that the mind, when sleep has clos'd  
Each avenue of sense, expatiates wide  
Her liberty restor'd, her bonds unty'd ?  
And like some bird who from its prison flies,  
Claps her exulting wings, and mounts the skies.

Grant that corporeal is the human mind,  
It must have parts *in infinitum* join'd ;  
And each of these must will, perceive, design,  
And draw confus'dly in a different line ;

Which



Which then can claim dominion o'er the rest,  
Or stamp the ruling passion in the breast?

Perhaps the mind is form'd by various arts  
Of modelling and figuring these parts;  
Just as if circles wiser were than squares;  
But surely common sense aloud declares  
That site and figure are as foreign quite  
From mental pow'rs, as colours black or white.

Allow that motion is the cause of thought,  
With what strange pow'rs must motion then be  
fraught?

Reason, sense, science, must derive their source  
From the wheel's rapid whirl, or pulley's force;  
Tops whip'd by school-boys fages must commence,  
Their hoops, like them, be cudgel'd into sense,  
And boiling pots o'erflow with eloquence. }

Whence can this very motion take its birth?

Not sure from matter, from dull clods of earth;



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But from a living spirit lodg'd within,  
Which governs all the bodily machine :  
Just as th' Almighty Universal Soul  
Informs, directs, and animates the whole.

Cease then to wonder how th' immortal mind  
Can live, when from the body quite disjoin'd ;  
But rather wonder, if she e'er cou'd die,  
So fram'd so fashion'd for eternity ;  
Self-mov'd, not form'd of parts together ty'd,  
Which time can dissipate, and force divide ;  
For beings of this make can never die,  
Whose pow'rs within themselves, and their own ef-  
fence lie:

If to conceive how any thing can be  
From shape extracted and locality  
Is hard ; what think you of the Deity ?  
His Being not the least relation bears,  
As far as to the human mind appears,  
To shape, or size, similitude or place,  
Cloath'd in no form, and bounded by no space.

Such



Such then is God, a Spirit pure refin'd  
From all material dross, and such the human mind,  
For in what part of essence can we see  
More certain marks of Immortality?  
Ev'n from this dark confinement with delight  
She looks abroad, and prunes herself for flight;  
Like an unwilling inmate longs to roam  
From this dull earth, and seek her native home.

Go then forgetful of its toil and strife,  
Pursue the joys of this fallacious life;  
Like some poor fly, who lives but for a day  
Sip the fresh dews, and in the sunshine play,  
And into nothing then dissolve away. }  
Are these our great pursuits, is this to live?  
These all the hopes this much lov'd world can give!  
How much more worthy envy is their fate,  
Who search for truth in a superior state?  
Not groping step by step, as we pursue, }  
And following reason's much entangled clue,  
But with one great, and instantaneous view. }



But how can sense remain, perhaps you'll say,  
 Corporeal organs if we take away !  
 Since it from them proceeds, and with them must  
 decay.

Why not ? or why may not the soul receive  
 New organs, since ev'n art can these retrieve ?  
 The silver trumpet aids th'obstructed ear,  
 And optic glasses the dim eye can clear ;  
 These in mankind new faculties create,  
 And lift him far above his native state ;  
 Call down revolving planets from the sky,  
 Earth's secret treasures open to his eye,  
 The whole minute creation make his own,  
 With all the wonders of a world unknown.

How cou'd the mind, did she alone depend  
 On sense, the errors of those senses mend ?  
 Yet oft, we see, those senses she corrects,  
 And oft their information quite rejects.  
 In distances of things, their shapes and size,  
 Our reason judges better than our eyes.



Declares not this the soul's preheminance  
 Superior to, and quite distinct from sense ?  
 For sure 'tis likely, that, since now so high  
 Clog'd and unfledg'd she dares her wings to try,  
 Loos'd and mature she shall her strength display,  
 And soar at length to Truth's refulgent ray.

Inquire you how these pow'rs we shall attain,  
 'Tis not for us to know ; our search is vain :  
 Can any now remember or relate  
 How he existed in the embryo state ?  
 Or one from birth insensible of day  
 Conceive ideas of the solar ray ?  
 That light's deny'd to him, which others see,  
 He knows, perhaps you'll say, — and so do we.

The mind contemplative finds nothing here  
 On earth that's worthy of a wish or fear :  
 He, whose sublime pursuit is God and truth,  
 Burns, like some absent and impatient youth,



To join the object of his warm desires,  
 Thence to sequester'd shades, and streams retires,  
 And there delights his passion to rehearse  
 In wisdom's sacred voice, or in harmonious verse.

To me most happy therefore he appears,  
 Who having once, unmov'd by hopes or fears,  
 Survey'd this sun, earth, ocean, clouds and flame,  
 Well satisfy'd returns from whence he came.  
 Is life an hundred years, or e'er so few,  
 'Tis repetition all, and nothing new:  
 A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay,  
 An inn, where travellers bait, then post away;  
 A sea where man perpetually is tost,  
 Now plung'd in business, now in trifles lost:  
 Who leave it first the peaceful port first gain;  
 Hold then! no farther launch into the main:  
 Contract your sails; life nothing can bestow  
 By long continuance, but continu'd woe:  
 The wretched privilege daily to deplore  
 The funerals of our friends, who go before:

Dis-



Diseases, pains, anxieties, and cares,  
And age furrounded with a thousand snares.

But whither hurry'd by a generous scorn  
Of this vain world, ah whither am I borne?  
Let's not unbid th' Almighty's standard quit,  
Howe'er severe our post, we must submit.

Cou'd I a firm perswasion once attain  
That after death no Being wou'd remain;  
To those dark shades I'd willingly descend,  
Where all must sleep, this drama at an end:  
Nor life accept altho' renew'd by Fate  
Ev'n from its earliest, and its happiest state.

Might I from Fortune's bounteous hand receive  
Each boon, each blessing in her pow'r to give,  
Genius, and science, morals, and good-sense,  
Unenvy'd honors, wit and eloquence,  
A numerous offspring to the world well known  
Both for paternal virtues, and their own:



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Ev'n at this mighty price I'd not be bound  
To tread the same dull circle round, and round ;  
The soul requires enjoyments more sublime,  
By space unbounded, undestroy'd by time.



BOOK





## B O O K II.

**G** O D then thro' all creation gives, we find,  
 Sufficient marks of an indulgent mind,  
 Excepting in ourselves ; ourselves of all  
 His works the chief on this terrestrial ball,  
 His own bright image, who alone unblest  
 Feel ills perpetual, happy all the rest.  
 But hold, presumptuous ! charge not heav'n's decree  
 With such injustice, such partiality.

Yet true it is, survey we life around,  
 Whole hosts of ills on ev'ry side are found ;  
 Who wound not here and there by chance a foe,  
 But at the species meditate the blow :  
 What millions perish by each others hands  
 In war's fierce rage ? or by the dread commands  
 Of tyrants languish out their lives in chains,  
 Or lose them in variety of pains ?

What



What numbers pinch'd by want and hunger die,  
In spite of Nature's liberality?

(Those, still more num'rous, I to name disdain,  
By lewdness and intemperance justly slain;)

What numbers guiltless of their own disease  
Are snatch'd by sudden death, or waste by slow de-  
grees?

Where then is Virtue's well deserv'd reward! —  
Let's pay to Virtue ev'ry due regard,  
That she enables man, let us confess,  
To bear those evils, which she can't redress,  
Gives hope, and conscious peace, and can assuage  
Th' impetuous tempests both of lust and rage;  
Yet she's a guard so far from being sure,  
That oft her friends peculiar ills endure:  
Where Vice prevails severest is their fate,  
Tyrants pursue them with a three-fold hate;  
How many struggling in their country's cause,  
And from their country meriting applause,

Have



Have fall'n by wretches fond to be inflav'd,  
And perish'd by the hands themselves had sav'd ?

Soon as superior worth appears in view,  
See knaves and fools united to pursue !  
The man so form'd they all conspire to blame,  
And envy's pois'nous tooth attacks his fame ;  
Shou'd he at length, so truly good and great,  
Prevail, and rule with honest views the state,  
Then must he toil for an ungrateful race,  
Submit to clamor, libels, and disgrace,  
Threaten'd, oppos'd, defeated in his ends,  
By foes seditious, and aspiring friends.  
Hear this, and tremble ! all who wou'd be great,  
Yet know not what attends that dang'rous wretched  
state.

Is private life from all these evils free ?  
Vice of all kinds, rage, envy there we see,  
Deceit, that Friendship's mask insidious wears,  
Quarrels, and feuds, and laws entangling snares.

But



But there are pleasures still in human life,  
 Domestic ease, a tender loving wife,  
 Children whose dawning smiles your heart engage,  
 'The grace and comfort of soft stealing age:  
 If happiness exists, 'tis surely here,  
 But are these joys exempt from care and fear?  
 Need I the miseries of that state declare,  
 When diff'rent passions draw the wedded pair?  
 Or say how hard those passions to discern,  
 Ere the die's cast, and 'tis too late to learn?  
 Who can insure, that what is right, and good,  
 These children shall pursue? or if they shou'd,  
 Death comes when least you fear so black a day,  
 And all your blooming hopes are snatch'd away.

We say not, that these ills from Virtue flow;  
 Did her wise precepts rule the world, we know  
 The golden ages would again begin,  
 But 'tis our lot in this to suffer, and to sin.



Observing this, some sages have decreed  
 That all things from two causes must proceed;  
 Two principles with equal pow'r endu'd,  
 This wholly evil, that supremely good.  
 From this arise the miseries we endure,  
 Whilst that administers a friendly cure;  
 Hence life is checquer'd still with blifs, and woe,  
 Hence tares with golden crops promiscuous grow,  
 And pois'nous serpents make their dread repose  
 Beneath the covert of the fragrant rose.

Can such a system satisfy the mind?  
 Are both these Gods in equal pow'r conjoin'd,  
 Or one superior? Equal if you say,  
 Chaos returns, since neither will obey;  
 Is one superior? good, or ill must reign,  
 Eternal joy, or everlasting pain.  
 Whiche'er is conquer'd must entirely yield,  
 And the victorious God enjoy the field:  
 Hence with these fictions of the *Magi's* brain!  
 Hence ouzy *Nile*, with all her monstrous train!

Or



Or comes the Stoic nearer to the right?  
 He holds, that whatsoever yields delight,  
 Wealth, fame, externals all, are useless things;  
 Himself half starving happier far than kings.  
 'Tis fine indeed to be so wond'rous wise!  
 By the same reasoning too he pain denies;  
 Roast him, or flea him, break him on the wheel,  
 Retract he will not, tho' he can't but feel:  
 Pain's not an ill, he utters with a groan;  
 What then? an inconvenience 'tis, he'll own:  
 What vigour, health, and beauty? are these good?  
 No: they may be accepted, not pursued:  
 Absurd to squabble thus about a name,  
 Quibbling with diff'rent words, that mean the same.  
 Stoic, were you not fram'd of flesh and blood,  
 You might be blest without external good;  
 But know, be self-sufficient as you can,  
 You are not spirit quite, but frail, and mortal man.

But since these fages, so absurdly wise,  
 Vainly pretend enjoyments to despise,

Be.



Because externals, and in Fortune's pow'r,  
 Now mine, now thine, the blessings of an hour ;  
 Why value then, that strength of mind, they boast,  
 As often varying, and as quickly lost?  
 A head-ach hurts it, or a rainy day,  
 And a slow fever wipes it quite away.

See<sup>a</sup> one whose councils, one<sup>b</sup> whose conqu'ring  
 hand

Once fav'd Britannia's almost sinking land :  
 Examples of the mind's extensive pow'r,  
 Examples too how quickly fades that flow'r.  
 Him let me add, whom late we saw excel  
<sup>c</sup> In each politer kind of writing well ;  
 Whether he strove our follies to expose  
 In easy verse, or droll, and hum'rous prose ;  
 Few years alas ! compel his throne to quit  
 This mighty monarch o'er the realms of wit,  
 See self-surviving he's an idiot grown !  
 A melancholy proof our parts are not our own.

<sup>a</sup> Lord Somers, <sup>b</sup> Duke of Marlborough, <sup>c</sup> Dean Swift.



Thy tenets, Stoic, yet we may forgive,  
If in a future state we cease to live.  
For here the virtuous suffer much, 'tis plain ;  
If pain is evil, this must God arraign ;  
And on this principle confess we must,  
Pain can no evil be, or God must be unjust.

Blind man ! whose reason such strait bounds  
confine,  
That ere it touches truth's extremest line,  
It stops amaz'd, and quits the great design.  
Own you not, Stoic, God is just and true ?  
Dare to proceed ; secure this path pursue :  
'Twill soon conduct you far beyond the tomb,  
To future justice, and a life to come.  
This path, you say, is hid in endless night,  
'Tis self-conceit alone obstructs your sight ;  
You stop, ere half your destin'd course is run,  
And triumph when the conquest is not won ;  
By this the Sophists were of old misled :  
See what a monstrous race from one mistake is bred !

Hear



Hear then my argument : — confess we must,  
 A God there is, supremely wise and just :  
 If so, however things affect our sight,  
 As sings our bard, *whatever is, is right.*  
 But is it right, what here so oft appears,  
 That vice shou'd triumph, virtue sink in tears ?  
 The inference then, that closes this debate,  
 Is, that there must exist a future state.  
 The wise extending their enquiries wide  
 See how both states are by connection ty'd ;  
 Fools view but part, and not the whole survey,  
 So crowd existence all into a day.  
 Hence are they led to hope, but hope in vain,  
 That Justice never will resume her reign ;  
 On this vain hope adulterers, thieves rely,  
 And to this altar vile assassins fly.  
 “ But rules not God by general laws divine :  
 “ Man's vice or virtue's change not the design : ”  
 What laws are these ? instruct us if you can : —  
 There's one design'd for brutes, and one for man :  
 Another guides inactive matter's course,  
 Attracting, and attracted by its force :



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Hence mutual gravity subsists between  
Far distant worlds, and ties the vast machine.

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,  
Obey'd by birds, and beasts of ev'ry kind?  
By all the sandy deserts savage brood,  
And all the num'rous offspring of the flood;  
Of these none uncontroul'd, and lawless rove,  
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:  
Led by that instinct, heav'n itself inspires,  
Or so much reason, as their state requires;  
See all with skill acquire their daily food,  
All use those arms, which Nature has bestow'd;  
Produce their tender progeny, and feed  
With care parental, whilst that care they need;  
In these lov'd offices compleatly blest,  
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

Man o'er a wider field extends his views;  
God thro' the wonders of his works pursues,  
Exploring thence his attributes, and laws,  
Adores, loves, imitates th' Eternal Cause;

For



For sure in nothing we approach so nigh  
 The great example of divinity,  
 As in benevolence: the patriot's soul  
 Knows not self-center'd for itself to roll,  
 But warms, enlightens, animates the whole:  
 Its mighty orb embraces first his friends,  
 His country next, then man; nor here it ends,  
 But to the meanest animal descends.

Wise Nature has this social law confirm'd  
 By forming man so helpless, and unarm'd;  
 His want of others' aid, and pow'r of speech  
 T'implore that aid this lesson daily teach:  
 Mankind with other animals compare,  
 Single how weak, and impotent they are!  
 But view them in their complicated state,  
 Their pow'rs how wond'rous, and their strength  
                   how great,  
 When social virtue individuals joins,  
 And in one solid mass, like gravity combines!



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This then's the first great law by Nature giv'n,  
Stamp'd on our souls and ratify'd by Heav'n;  
All from utility this law approve,  
As ev'ry private bliss must spring from social love.

Why deviate then so many from this law?  
See passions, custom, vice, and folly draw!  
Survey the rolling globe from East to West,  
How few, alas! how very few are blest?  
Beneath the frozen poles, and burning line,  
What poverty and indolence combine,  
To cloud with Error's mists the human mind?  
No trace of man, but in the form we find.

And are we free from error, and distress,  
Whom Heav'n with clearer light has pleas'd to bless?  
Whom true Religion leads? (for she but leads  
By soft persuasion, not by force proceeds;)  
Behold how we avoid this radiant sun,  
This proffer'd guide how obstinately shun,  
And after Sophistry's vain systems run!

For



For these as for essentials we engage  
 In wars, and massacres with holy rage;  
 Brothers by brothers' impious hands are slain,  
 Mistaken Zeal how savage is thy reign!

Unpunish'd vices here so much abound,  
 All right, and wrong, all order they confound;  
 These are the giants, who the gods defy,  
 And mountains heap on mountains to the sky;  
 Sees this th' Almighty Judge or seeing spares,  
 And deems the crimes of Man beneath his cares?  
 He sees; and will at last rewards bestow,  
 And punishments, not less assur'd for being slow.

Nor doubt I, tho' this state confus'd appears,  
 That ev'n in this God sometimes interferes;  
 Sometimes, lest man shou'd quite his pow'r disown,  
 He makes that pow'r to trembling nations known:  
 But rarely this; not for each vulgar end,  
 As Superstition's idle tales pretend,  
 Who thinks all foes to God who are her own,  
 Directs his thunder, and usurps his throne.



Nor know I not how much a conscious mind  
 Avails to punish, or reward mankind;  
 Ev'n in this life thou, impious wretch, must feel  
 The Fury's scourges, and th' infernal wheel;  
 From man's tribunal, tho' thou hop'st to run,  
 Thyself thou can'st not, nor thy conscience shun:  
 What must thou suffer when each dire disease,  
 The progeny of Vice, thy fabric seize?  
 Consumption, fever, and the wreaking pain  
 Of spasms, and gout, and stone a frightful train!  
 When life new tortures can alone supply,  
 Life thy sole hope thou'lt hate, yet dread to die.

Shou'd such a wretch to num'rous years arrive,  
 It can be little worth his while to live:  
 No honours, no regards his age attend,  
 Companions fly; he ne'er could have a friend:  
 His flatterers leave him, and with wild affright  
 He looks within, and shudders at the sight:  
 When threatening Death uplifts his pointed dart,  
 With what impatience he applies to art,

Life



Life to prolong amidst disease and pains!  
 Why this, if after it no sense remains?  
 Why shou'd he chuse these miseries to endure,  
 If Death cou'd grant an everlasting cure?  
 'Tis plain there's something whispers in his ear,  
 (Tho' fain he'd hide it) he has much to fear.

See the reverse how happy those we find,  
 Whoknow by merit to engage mankind?  
 Prais'd by each tongue, by ev'ry heart belov'd,  
 For virtues practis'd, and for Arts improv'd:  
 Their easy aspects shine with smiles serene,  
 And all is peace, and happiness within:  
 Their sleep is ne'er disturb'd by fears, or strife,  
 Nor lust, nor wine, impair the springs of life.

Him Fortune cannot sink, nor much elate,  
 Whose views extend beyond this mortal state;  
 By age when summon'd to resign his breath,  
 Calm, and serene, he sees approaching death,  
 As the safe port, the peaceful silent shore,  
 Where he may rest, life's tedious voyage o'er:



He, and he only, is of death afraid,  
 Whom his own conscience has a coward made ;  
 Whilst he, who Virtue's radiant course has run,  
 Descends like a serenely setting sun,  
 His thoughts triumphant Heav'n alone employs,  
 And Hope anticipates his future joys.

So good, so blest th' illustrious <sup>d</sup> *Hough* we find,  
 Whose image dwells with pleasure on my mind ;  
 The mitre's glory, Freedom's constant friend,  
 In times which ask'd a champion to defend ;  
 Who after near an hundred virtuous years,  
 His senses perfect, free from pains and fears,  
 Replete with life, with honours, and with age,  
 Like an applauded actor left the stage ;  
 Or like some victor in th' Olympic games,  
 Who, having run his course, the crown of Glory  
 claims.

From this just contrast plainly it appears,  
 How conscience can inspire b th hopes and fears ;

<sup>d</sup> Bishop of Worcester.

But



But whence proceed these hopes, or whence this  
dread,

If nothing really can affect the dead ?

See all things join to promise, and presage

The sure arrival of a future age !

Whate'er their lot is here, the good and wise,

Nor doat on life, nor peevishly despise.

An honest man, when Fortune's storms begin,

Has Consolation always sure within,

And, if she sends a more propitious gale,

He's pleas'd, but not forgetful it may fail.

Nor fear that he, who sits so loose to life,

Shou'd too much shun its labours, and its strife ;

And scorning wealth, contented to be mean,

Shrink from the duties of this bustling scene ;

Or, when his country's safety claims his aid,

Avoid the fight inglorious, and afraid :

Who scorns life most must surely be most brave,

And he, who pow'r contemns, be least a slave :

Virtue



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Virtue will lead him to Ambition's ends,  
And prompt him to defend his country, and his  
friends.

But still his merit you can not regard,  
Who thus pursues a posthumous reward ;  
His soul, you cry is uncorrupt and great,  
Who quite uninfluenc'd by a future state,  
Embraces Virtue from a nobler sense  
Of her abstracted, native excellence,  
From the self-conscious joy her essence brings,  
The beauty, fitness, harmony of things.  
It may be so : yet he deserves applause,  
Who follows where instructive Nature draws ;  
Aims at rewards by her indulgence giv'n,  
And soars triumphant on her wings to heav'n.

Say what this venal virtuous man pursues,  
No mean rewards, no mercenary views ;  
Not wealth usurious, or a num'rous train,  
Not fame by fraud acquir'd, or title vain !  
He follows but where Nature points the road,  
Rising in Virtue's school, till he ascends to God.



But we th' inglorious common herd of Man,  
 Sail without compass, toil without a plan;  
 In Fortune's varying storms for ever tost  
 Shadows pursue, that in pursuit are lost;  
 Mere infants all, till life's extremest day,  
 Scrambling for toys, then tossing them away.  
 Who rests of Immortality assur'd  
 Is safe, whatever ills are here endur'd:  
 He hopes not vainly in a world like this,  
 To meet with pure uninterrupted bliss;  
 For good and ill, in this imperfect state,  
 Are ever mix'd by the decrees of fate.  
 With Wisdom's richest harvest Folly grows,  
 And baleful hemlock mingles with the rose;  
 All things are blended, changeable, and vain,  
 No hope, no wish we perfectly obtain;  
 God may perhaps (might human Reason's line  
 Pretend to fathom infinite design)  
 Have thus ordain'd things, that the restless mind  
 No happiness compleat on earth may find;

And,



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And, by this friendly chastisement made wise,  
To heav'n her safest best retreat may rise.

Come then, since now in safety we have past  
Thro' Error's rocks, and see the port at last,  
Let us review and recollect the whole. —  
Thus stands my argument. — The thinking soul  
Cannot terrestrial, or material be,  
But claims by Nature Immortality :  
God, who created it, can make it end,  
We question not, but cannot apprehend  
He will ; because it is by him endued  
With strong Ideas of all perfect Good :  
With wond'rous pow'rs to know and calculate  
Things too remote from this our earthly state ;  
With sure presages of a life to come,  
All false and useless ; if beyond the tomb  
Our beings cease : we therefore can't believe  
God either acts in vain, or can deceive.

If ev'ry rule of equity demands,  
That Vice and Virtue from the Almighty's hands,  
Shou'd



Shou'd due rewards, and punishments receive,  
 And this by no means happens whilst we live,  
 It follows that a time must surely come,  
 When each shall meet their well adjusted doom :  
 Then shall this scene, which now to human sight  
 Seems so unworthy Wisdom infinite,  
 A system of consummate skill appear,  
 And ev'ry cloud dispers'd, be beautiful and clear.

Doubt we of this ! what solid proof remains,  
 That o'er the world a wise disposer reigns ?  
 Whilst all Creation speaks a pow'r divine,  
 Is it deficient in the main design ?  
 Not so : the day shall come, (pretend not now  
 Presumptuous to enquire or when, or how)  
 But after death shall come th' important day,  
 When God to all his justice shall display ;  
 Each action with impartial eyes regard,  
 And in a just proportion punish and reward:

Written





Written in Mr. L O C K's Essay on  
Human Understanding.

**L** O N G had the mind of man with curious art  
Search'd nature's wond'rous plan thro' ev'ry  
part,

Measur'd each tract of ocean, earth, and sky,  
And number'd all the rolling orbs on high;  
Yet still, so learn'd, herself she little knew;  
'Till Lock's unerring pen the portrait drew.

So beauteous EVE, a while in Eden stray'd,  
And all her great Creator's works survey'd;  
By sun, and moon, she knew to mark the hour,  
She knew the genius of each plant and flow'r;  
She knew, when sporting on the verdant lawn,  
The tender lambkin, and the nimble fawn:  
But still a stranger to her own bright face,  
She guess'd not at its form, nor what she was;

'Till



Till led at length to some clear fountain's side,  
She view'd her beauties in the crystal tide;  
The shining mirror all her charms displays,  
And her eyes catch their own rebounded rays.



ESSAYS





1875



# ESSAYS

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ESSAYS

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Vol. I





# THE WORLD.

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**H**AD the many wise philosophers of antiquity, who have so often and so justly compared the life of man to a race, lived in the present times, they would have seen the propriety of that simile greatly augmented : for if we observe the behaviour of the polite part of this nation (that is, of *all* the nation) we shall see that their whole lives are one continued race ; in which every one is endeavouring to distance all behind him, and to overtake, or pass by, all who are before him : every one is flying from his inferiors, in pursuit of his superiors, who fly from Him with equal alacrity.

WERE not the consequences of this ridiculous pride of the most destructive nature to the public



the scene would be really entertaining. Every tradesman is a merchant, every merchant is a gentleman, and every gentleman one of the nobles. We are a nation of gentry, *populus generosorum* : we have no such thing as common people amongst us : between vanity and gin, the species is utterly destroyed. The sons of our lowest mechanics, acquiring with their learning at charity-schools, the laudable ambition of becoming gentle-folks, despise their paternal occupations, and are all soliciting for the honourable employments of tidewaiters and excisemen. Their girls are all milliners, mantua-makers, or lady's women ; or presumptuously exercise that genteel profession, which used to be peculiarly reserved for the politely-educated but unportioned daughters of their superiors. Attorney clerks and city prentices dress like cornets of dragoons, keep their mistresses and their hunters, criticise at the play, and toast at the tavern. The merchant leaves his compting-house for St. James's ; and the country-gentleman his own affairs for those of the public, by which neither of them receive much benefit. Every commoner of distinction is impatient for a peerage, and treads hard upon the heels of quality in dress, equipage and expences of every kind. The nobility, who can aim no higher, plunge



plunge themselves into debt and dependance, to preserve their rank; and are even there quickly overtaken by their unmerciful pursuers.

THE same foolish vanity, that thus prompts us to imitate our superiors, induces us also to be, or to pretend to be, their inseparable companions; or, as the phrase is, to keep the *best company*; by which is always to be understood, such company as are much above us in rank or fortune, and consequently despise and avoid us, in the same manner as we ourselves do our inferiors. By this ridiculous affectation are all the pleasures of social life, and all the advantages of friendly converse utterly destroyed. We chuse not our companions for their wit and learning, their good humour or good sense, but for their power of conferring this imaginary dignity; as if greatness was communicable, like the powers of the load-stone by friction, or by contact, like electricity. Every young gentleman is taught to believe it is more eligible, and more honourable, to destroy his time, his fortune, his morals and his understanding at a gaming house with the *best company*, than to improve them all in the conversation of the most ingenious, and entertaining of his equals: and every

Q 3

self



self-conceited girl in fashionable life, chuses rather to endure the affected silence and insolent head-ach of my lady duchess for a whole evening, than to pass it in mirth and jollity with the most amiable of her acquaintance. For since it is possible that some of my readers, who have not had the honour of being admitted into the *best company*, should imagine that amongst such there is ever the best conversation, the most lively wit, the most profound judgment, the most engaging affability and politeness; it may be proper to inform them, that this is by no means always the case; but that frequently in such company little is said and less attended to; no disposition appears either to please others, or to be pleased themselves; but that in the room of all the before-mentioned agreeable qualifications, cards are introduced, endued with the convenient power of reducing all men's understandings, as well as their fortunes, to an equality.

It is pleasant to observe how this race, converted into a kind of perpetual warfare between the *good* and *bad company* in this country, has subsisted for half a century last past; in which the former, have been perpetually pursued by the latter, and fairly beaten out



out of all their resources for superior distinction; out of innumerable fashions in dress, and variety of diversions, every one of which they have been obliged to abandon, as soon as occupied by their impertinent rivals. In vain have they armed themselves with lace and embroidery, and intrenched themselves in hoops and furbelows: in vain have they had recourse to full-bottomed perriwigs, and toupees; to high-heads, and low-heads, and no heads at all: trade has bestow'd riches on their competitors, and riches have procured them equal finery. Hair has curled as genteely on one side of Temple-bar, as on the other, and hoops have grown to as prodigious a magnitude in the foggy air of Cheapside, as in the purer regions of Grosvenor-square and Hill-street.

WITH as little success have opera's, oratorio's, ridotto's and other expensive diversions been invented to exclude *bad company*: tradesmen, by enhancing their prices, have found tickets for their wives and daughters, and by this means have been enabled to insult the *good company*, their customers, at their own expence: and like true conquerors, have obliged the enemy to pay for their defeat.



But this stratagem has in some measure been obviated by the prudence of the *very best company*, who, for this, and many other wise considerations, have usually declined paying them at all.

For many years was this combat between the *good* and *bad company* of this metropolis performed, like the ancient tilts and tournaments, before his Majesty and the royal family, every Friday night in the drawing room at St. James's which now appears, as it usually fares with the seat of war, desolate and uninhabited, and totally deserted on both sides: except that on a twelfth night, the *bad company* never fail to assemble, to commemorate annually the victories they have there obtained.

THE *good company* being thus every where put to flight, they thought proper at last to retire to their own citadels; that is, to form numerous and brilliant assemblies at their own hôtels, in which they imagined, that they could neither be imitated, nor intruded on. But here again they were grievously mistaken; for no sooner was the signal given, but every little lodging-house in town, of two rooms and a closet on a floor, or rather of two closets and  
a cup-



a cupboard, teemed with card tables, and overflowed with company : and as making a crowd was the great point here principally aimed at, the smaller the houses, and the more indifferent the company, this point was the more easily effected. Nor could intrusion be better guarded against, than imitation ; for by some means or other, either by the force of beauty or of dress, of wealth or impudence, of folly enough to lose great sums at play, or of knavery enough to win them, or of some such eminent and extraordinary qualifications, their plebeian enemies soon broke through the strongest of their barriers, and mingled in the thickest of their ranks, to the utter destruction of all superiority and distinction.

BUT though it must be owned that the affairs of the *good company* are now in a very bad situation, yet I would not have them despair, nor perpetually carry about the marks of their defeat in their countenances, so visible in a mixture of *fiertè* and dejection. They have still one asylum left to fly to, which with all their advantages of birth and education, it is surprizing they should not long since have discovered ; but since they have not, I shall beg leave to point it out ; and it this : that they once more  
I retire



retire to the long deserted forts of true British grandeur, their princely seats and magnificent castles in their several countries, and there, arming themselves with religion and virtue, hospitality and charity, civility and friendship, bid defiance to their impertinent pursuers: and though I will not undertake that they shall not, even here, be followed in time, and imitated by their inferiors, yet so averse are all ranks of people at present to this sort of retirement, so totally disused from the exercise of these kinds of arms, and so unwilling to return to it, that I will venture to promise, it will be very long before they can be overtaken or attacked; but that here, and here only, they may enjoy their favourite singularity, unmolested for half a century to come.

THE





T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLIII.

**H**AVING been frequently pressed by sir John Jolly (an old friend of mine possessed of a fine seat, a large park, and a plentiful estate) to pass a few weeks with him in the country, I determined last autumn to accept his invitation, proposing to myself the highest pleasure from changing the noise and hurry of this bustling metropolis, for the agreeable silence, and soothing indolence of a rural retirement. I accordingly set out one morning, and pretty early the next arrived at the habitation of my friend, situated in a most delicious and romantic spot, which (the owner having fortunately no TASTE) is not yet defaced by IMPROVEMENTS. On my approach, I abated a little of my travelling pace, to look round me, and admire the tow'ring hills,



hills, and fertile vales, the winding streams, the stately woods, and spacious lawns, which, gilded by the sun shine of a beautiful morning, on every side afforded a most enchanting prospect; and I pleased myself with the thoughts of the happy hours I should spend amidst these pastoral scenes, in reading, in meditation, or in soft repose, inspired by the lowing of distant herds, the falls of waters, and the melody of birds.

I WAS received with a hearty welcome, and many shakes by the hand by my old friend, whom I had not seen for many years, except once, when he was called to town by a prosecution in the King's-bench, for misunderstanding the sense of an act of parliament, which, on examination, was found to be nonsense. He is an honest gentleman of a middle age, a hale constitution, good natural parts, and abundant spirits; a keen sportsman, an active magistrate, and a tolerable farmer, not without some ambition of acquiring a seat in parliament, by his interest in a neighbouring borough: so that between his pursuits of game, of justice, and popularity, besides the management of a large quantity of land, which he keeps in his own hands, as he

terms



terms it, for amusement, every moment of his time is sufficiently employed. His wife is an agreeable woman, of about the same age, and has been handsome; but though years have somewhat impaired her charms, they have not in the least her relish for company, cards, balls, and all manner of public diversions.

ON my arrival, I was first conducted into the breakfast room, which, with some surprise, I saw quite filled with genteel persons of both sexes, in dishabille, with their hair in papers; the cause of which I was quickly informed of, by the many apologies of my lady for the meanness of the apartment she was obliged to allot me, “By reason the house  
“was so crouded with company during the time of  
“their races, which, she said, began that very  
“day for the whole week, and for which they were  
“immediately preparing.” I was instantly attacked by all present with one voice, or rather with many voices at the same time, to accompany them thither; to which I made no opposition, thinking it would be attended with more trouble than the expedition itself.

As



As soon as the ladies and the equipages were ready, we issued forth in a most magnificent cavalcade; and after travelling five or six miles through bad roads, we arrived at the Red Lion, just as the ordinary was making it's appearance on the table. The ceremonials of this sumptuous entertainment, which consisted of cold fish, lean chickens, rusty hams, raw venison, stale game, green fruit, and grapeless wines, destroyed at least two hours, with five times that number of heads, ruffles, and suits of cloaths, by the unfortunate effusion of butter and gravy. From hence we proceeded a few miles farther to the race-ground, where nothing, I think, extraordinary happened, but that amongst much disorder and drunkenness, few limbs, and no necks were broken: and from these Olympic games, which, to the great emolument of pick-pockets, lasted till it was dark, we galloped back to the town through a soaking shower, to dress for the assembly. But this I found no easy task; nor could I possibly accomplish it, before my cloaths were quite dried upon my back; my servant staying behind to settle his betts, and having stowed my portmanteau into the boot of some coach, which he could not find, to save himself both the trouble and indignity of carrying it.

BEING



BEING at last equipped, I entered the ball-room, where the smell of a stable over which it was built, the favour of the neighbouring kitchen, the fumes of tallow candles, rum-punch and tobacco dispersed over the whole house, and the balsamic effluvia's from many sweet creatures who were dancing, with almost equal strength contended for superiority. The company was numerous and well-drest, and differed not in any respect from that of the most brilliant assembly in London, but in seeming better pleased, and more desirous of pleasing; that is, happier in themselves, and civilier to each other. I observed the door was blocked up the whole night by a few fashionable young men, whose faces I remember to have seen about town, who would neither dance, drink tea, play at cards, nor speak to any one, except now and then in whispers to a young lady, who sat in silence at the upper end of the room, in a hat and negligee, with her back against the wall, her arms a-kimbo, her legs thrust out, a sneer on her lips, a scowl on her forehead, and an invincible assurance in her eyes. This lady I had also frequently met with, but could not then recollect where; but have since learnt, that she had been toad-eater to a woman

man



man of quality, and turned off for too close and presumptuous an imitation of her betters. Their behaviour affronted most of the company, yet obtained the desired effect: for I overheard several of the country ladies say “It was a pity they were so  
“proud; for to be sure they were prodigious  
“well-bred people and had an immense deal of  
“wit.” A mistake they could never have fallen into, had these patterns of politeness condescended to have entered into any conversation. Dancing and cards, with the refreshment of cold chickens and negus about twelve, carried us on till day-break, when our coaches being ready, with much solicitation, and more squeezing, I obtained a place in one, in which no more than six had before artificially seated themselves; and about five in the morning, through many and great perils, we arrived safely at home.

It was now the middle of harvest, which had not a little suffered by our diversions; and therefore our coach-horses were immediately degraded to a cart; and having rested during our fatigues, by a just distribution of things, were now obliged to labour,



bour, while We were at rest. I mean not in this number to include myself; for, though I hurried immediately to bed, no rest could I obtain for some time, for the rumbling of carts, and the conversation of their drivers, just under my window. Fatigue at length got the better of all obstacles, and I fell asleep; but had scarce closed my eyes, when I was awaked by a much louder noise, which was that of a whole pack of hounds, with their vociferous attendants, setting out to meet my friend, and some choice spirits, whom we had just left behind at the assembly, and who chose this manner of refreshment after a night's debauch, rather than the more usual and inglorious one of going to bed. These sounds dying away by their distance, I again composed myself to rest; but was presently again roused by more discordant tongues, uttering all the grossness of Drury-lane, and scurrility of Billingsgate. I now waked indeed with somewhat more satisfaction, at first thinking, by this unpastoral dialogue, that I was once more returned safe to London; but I soon perceived my mistake, and understood that these were some innocent and honest neighbours of sir John's, who were coming to determine their gentle disputes before his tribunal, and being ordered to wait till



his return from hunting, were resolved to make all possible use of this suspension of justice. It being now towards noon, I gave up all thoughts of sleep; and it was well I did; for I was presently alarmed by a confusion of voices, as loud, though somewhat sweeter than the former. As they proceeded from the parlour under me, amidst much giggling, laughing, squeaking, and screaming, I could distinguish only the few following incoherent words—*horrible—frightful—ridiculous—Friesland hen—rouge—red lion at Brentford—stays padded—ram's-horn—saucy minx—impertinent coxcomb*. I started up, dressed me, and went down, where I found the same polite company, who breakfasted there the day before, in the same attitude, discoursing of their friends, with whom they had so agreeably spent the last night, and to whom they were again hastening with the utmost impatience. I was saluted with a how d'ye from them all at the same instant, and again pressed into the service of the day.

IN this manner I went through the persecutions of the whole week, with the sufferings and resolution, but not with the reward of a martyr, as I found no peace at the last: for at the conclusion of it, sir

John



John obligingly requested me to make my stay with him as long as I possibly could, assuring me, that though the races were now over, I should not want diversions; for that next week he expected Lord Rattle, sir Harry Bumper, and a large fox-hunting party; and that the week after, being the full moon, they should pay and receive all their neighbouring visits, and spend their evenings very sociably together; by which is signified, in the country dialect, eating, drinking, and playing at cards all night. My lady added with a smile, and much delight in her eyes, that she believed they should not be alone one hour in the whole week, and that she hoped I should not think the country so dull and melancholy a place as I expected. Upon this information I resolved to leave it immediately, and told them, I was extremely sorry that I was hindered by particular business from any longer enjoying so much polite and agreeable company; but that I had received a letter, which made it necessary for me to be in town. My friend said he was no less concerned; but that I must not positively go, till after tomorrow; for that he then expected the mayor and aldermen of his corporation, some of whom were



facetious companions, and sung well. This determined me to set out that very evening; which I did with much satisfaction; and made all possible haste, in search of silence and solitude, to my lodgings, next door to a brasier's at Charing-cross.



THE





T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLVII.

**O**N E can scarce pass an hour in any company, without hearing it frequently asserted, that the present generation of servants in this country are the proudest, and the laziest, the most profligate, insolent, and extravagant set of mortals any where to be found on the face of the globe : to which indisputable truth I always readily give my assent, with but one single exception, which is that of their masters and ladies. Now, though by this exception I have incurred the contemptuous smiles of many a wise face, and the indignant frowns of many a pretty one, yet I shall here venture to shew, that the pride and laziness of our servants, from whence their profligacy, insolence and extravagance must unavoidably proceed, are entirely owing, not only



to our example, but to our cultivation, and are but the natural productions of the same imperfections in ourselves.

IN the first place then, pride has put it into our heads, that it is most honourable to be waited on by gentlemen and ladies; and all, who are really such by birth or education, having also too much of the same pride, however necessitous, to submit to any servitude however easy, we are obliged to take the lowest of the people, and convert them by our own ingenuity into the genteel personages, we think proper should attend us. Hence our very footmen are adorned with gold and silver, with bags, toupees, and ruffles: the valet de chambre cannot be distinguished from his master, but by being better dressed; and Joan, who used to be but *as good as my lady in the dark*, is now by no means her inferior in the day-light. In great families I have frequently intreated the *maitre d'Hotel* to go before me, and have pulled a chair for the butler, imagining them to be part, and not the least genteel part, of the company. Their diversions too are no less polite than their appearance; in the country they are sportsmen, in town they frequent plays, opera's, and



and taverns, and at home have their routs and their gaming-tables.

But lest thus exalting our servants to an equality with ourselves should not sufficiently augment their pride, and destroy all subordination, we take another method still more effectually to compleat the work, which is, debasing ourselves to their meanness by a ridiculous imitation of their dresses and occupations. Hence were derived the flapped hat, and cropped hair, the green frock, the long staff, and buckskin breeches: hence, amongst the ladies, the round-eared cap, the stuff night-gown, white apron, and black leather shoe: and hence many persons of the highest rank daily employ themselves in riding matches, driving coaches, or in running before them, in order to convince their domestics how greatly they are inferior to them in the execution of these honourable offices. Since then we make use of so much art to corrupt our servants, have we reason to be angry with their concurrence? Since we take so much pains to inform them of their superiority, and our weakness, can we be surprised that they despise us, or displeased with their insolence and impertinence?



As the pride of servants thus proceeds from the pride, so does their laziness from the laziness, of their masters : and indeed, if there is any characteristic peculiar to the young people of fashion of the present age, it is their laziness, or an extreme unwillingness to attend to any thing that can give them the least trouble, or disquietude ; without any degree of which they would fain enjoy all the luxuries of life, in contradiction to the dispositions of providence, and the nature of things. They would have great estates without any management, great expences without any accounts, and great families without any discipline or œconomy ; in short, they are fit only to be inhabitants of *Lubberland*, where, as the child's geography informs us, men lie upon their backs with their mouths open, and it rains fat pigs, ready roasted. From this principle, when the pride they have infused into their servants has produced a proportionable degree of laziness, their own laziness is too prevalent, to suffer them to struggle with that of their servants ; and they rather chuse that all business should be neglected, than to enforce the performance of it ; and to give up all authority, rather than take the pains to support it : from whence  
it



it happens, that in great and noble families, where the domestics are very numerous, they will not so much as wait upon themselves; and was it not for the friendly assistance of char-women, porters, chairmen and shoe-blacks, procured by a generous distribution of coals, candles and provisions, the common offices of life could never be executed. In such it is often as difficult to procure conveniences, as in a desert island; and one frequently wants necessities in the midst of profuseness and extravagance. In such families I have sometimes been shut up in a cold room, and interdicted from the use of fire and water for half a day; and, though during my imprisonment I have seen numberless servants continually passing by, the utmost I could procure of them was, that they would send somebody to relieve my necessities, which they never performed. In such I have seen, when a favourite dog has discharged a too plentiful dinner in the drawing-room, at the frequent ringing of the bell numerous attendants make their appearance, all intreated to depute some one to remove the nuisance with the utmost expedition, but no one has been found in such a house



a house mean enough to undertake such an employment; and so it has lain smoking under the noses of the illustrious company during the whole evening.

I COULD produce innumerable instances, minute indeed and unobserved, but well worthy observation, of the encroachments of our servants on our easiness and indolence, in the introduction of most of the fashions that have prevailed for several years past in our equipages, and domestic œconomy; all which are intirely calculated for their pleasure, ease, or advantage, in direct contradiction to our own. To mention but a few: our coaches are made uneasy, but light, that they may whirl us along with the utmost rapidity, for their own amusement. Glasses before are laid aside, and we are immured in the dark, that the coachman may no longer be under our inspection, but be drunk or asleep without any observation. Family liveries are discarded, because badges of servility, which might give information to whom their wearers belonged, and to whom complaints might be addressed of their enormities.

By



By their carelessness and idleness they have obliged us to hire all our horses, and so have got rid of the labour of looking after them. By their impositions on the road they have forced us into post-chaises, by which means they are at liberty to travel by themselves, as it best suits their own ease and convenience. By their impertinence, which we have not patience to endure, nor resolution to repress, they have reduced us to dumb-waiters, that is, to wait upon ourselves; by which means they have shaken off the trouble and condescension of attending us. By their profusion and mismanagement in house-keeping, they have compelled us to allow them board-wages, by which means they have obtained a constant excuse to loiter at public-houses, and money in their pockets to squander there in gaming, drunkenness, and extravagance. The last of these is an evil of so gigantick a size, so conducive to the universal corruption of the lower part of this nation, and so entirely destructive of all family order, decency, and œconomy, that it well deserves the consideration of a legislature, who are not themselves under the  
influ-



influence of their servants, and can pay them their wages without any inconvenience.

FROM what has been said, it plainly appears, that every man in this country is ill-served in proportion to the number and dignity of his servants; the parson, or the tradesman, who keeps but two maids and a boy, not exceeding twelve years old, is usually very well waited on; the private gentleman infinitely worse; but persons of great fortunes or quality, afraid of the idols of their own setting up, are neglected, abused and impoverished by their dependants; and the King himself, as is due to his exalted station, is more imposed on, and worse attended, than any one of his subjects.

THE





T H E  
W O R L D.  
N U M B E R CLXIII.

**T**HERE was an ancient sect of philosophers, the disciples of Pythagoras, who held, that the souls of men, and all other animals existed in a state of perpetual transmigration ; and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their behaviour in the former : so that when any person made his exit from the stage of this world, he was supposed only to retire behind the scenes to be new-dressed, and to have had a new part assigned him, more or less agreeable, in proportion to the merit of his performance in the last.

THIS



THIS doctrine of transmigration, I must own was always a very favourite tenet of mine, and always appeared to me one of the most rational guesses of the human mind into a future state. I shall here therefore endeavour to shew the great probability of its truth, from the following considerations. First from its justice, secondly from its utility, and lastly from the difficulty we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it.

FIRST then, the justice of this system exceeds that of all others; because by it the great law of retaliation may be more strictly adhered to: for by means of this metamorphosis, men may suffer in one life the very same injuries which they have inflicted in another; and that too in the very same persons, by a change only of situation. Thus, for instance, the cruel tyrant who in one life has sported with the miseries of his slaves, may in the next feel all the miseries of slavery under a master as unmerciful as himself. The relentless and unjust judge may be imprisoned, condemned and hanged in his turn. Divines may be compelled by fire and faggot to believe



lieve the creeds and articles they have composed for the edification of others ; and soldiers may be plundered and ravished in the persons of defenceless peasants, and innocent virgins. The lawyer reviving in the character of a client, may be tormented with delay, expence, uncertainty and disappointment ; and the physician, who in one life has taken exorbitant fees, may be obliged to take physic in another. All those who under the honourable denomination of sportsmen, have entertained themselves with the miseries and destruction of innocent animals, may be terrified and murdered in the shapes of hares, partridges and woodcocks ; and all those, who under the more illustrious title of heroes, have delighted in the devastation of their own species, may be massacred by each other in the forms of invincible game-cocks, and pertinacious bulldogs. As for statesmen, ministers, and all great men devoted to great business, they, however guilty, cannot be more properly, nor more severely punished, than by being obliged to reassume their former characters, and to live the very same lives over again.

IN



IN the next place, the utility of this system is equal to its justice, and happily coincides with it: for by means of this transmigration, all the necessary inconveniencies, and all the burthensome offices of life being imposed on those only, who by their misbehaviour in a former state have deserved them, become at once just punishments to Them, and at the same time benefits to society; and so all those who have injured the public in one life by their vices, are obliged in another to make reparation by their sufferings. Thus the tyrant, who by his power has oppressed his country in the situation of a prince, in that of a slave may be compelled to do it some service by his labour. The highwayman who has stopped and plundered travellers, may expedite and assist them in the shape of a post-horse. The metaphorical buck, who has terrified sober citizens by his exploits, converted into a real one, may make them some compensation by his haunches; and mighty conquerors, who have laid waste the world by their swords, may be obliged, by a small alteration in sex and situation, to contribute to its

re-



repeopling, by the qualms of breeding, and the pains of child-birth.

FOR my own part, I verily believe this to be the case. I make no doubt but that Louis the fourteenth is now chained to an oar in the galleys of France, and that Hernando Cortez is digging gold in the mines of Peru or Mexico. That Turpin the highwayman is several times a day spurred backwards and forwards between London and Epping; and that Lord \* \* \* and sir Harry \* \* \* \* are now actually roasting for a city feast. I question not but that Alexander the great, and Julius Cæsar have died many times in child-bed since their appearance in those illustrious and depopulating characters; that Charles the twelfth is at this instant a curate's wife in some remote village, with a numerous and increasing family; and that Kouli Khan is now whipped from parish to parish, in the person of a big bellied beggar-woman, with two children in her arms, and three at her back.

LASTLY, the probability of this system appears from the difficulty of accounting for the sufferings



of many innocent creatures without it : for if we look round us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind ; numberless animals subjected, by their own natures, to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more ; incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them ; called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves ; without any possibility of preventing, deserving, or receiving recompence for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their present life. But the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles all these seemingly unjust dispensations with the strictest justice : it informs us, that these their sufferings may be by no means undeserved, but the just punishments of their former misbehaviour in a state, where, by means of their very vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us that the pursued and persecuted fox was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill-acquired wealth that safety, which he cannot



not now procure by his flight: that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he now endures: that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill-usage had occasioned.

NEVER can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired, present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall to, both with a good stomach and a good conscience, and please myself with the thoughts, that I am thus offering up a sacrifice acceptable to the Manes of many millions of massacred Indians. Never can I repose myself with



satisfaction in a post-chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, ulcerated, and excoriated animals, who draw it, as mere horses, condemned to such exquisite and unmerited torments for my convenience; but when I reflect, that they once must undoubtedly have existed in the characters of turnkeys of Newgate, or fathers of the holy inquisition, I gallop on with as much ease, as expedition; and am perfectly satisfied, that in pursuing my journey, I am but the executioner of the strictest justice.

I VERY well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, and looked upon only as the productions of an exuberant imagination; but I know likewise, that this is owing to ill-grounded pride, and false notions of the dignity of human nature: for they are in themselves just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth: so strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are too sagacious, learned and courageous to be kept in  
awe



awe by the threats of hell and damnation: and I exhort every fine lady to consider how wretched, will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach-horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate his health and his life in extravagance, indolence and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors:







T H E  
W O R L D.

N U M B E R CLXXVIII.

**N**OT long since, I met at St. James's coffee-house, an old acquaintance of mine, Sir Harry Prigg; who having been long rusticated, and much altered, I should never have recollected, had it not been for the information of a fine old coat, in which I remembered him to have made a figure about town many years ago. After the usual civilities had passed between us, amongst many other questions, he asked me when I had seen our old school-fellow, sir John Jolly \*. I answered, that I had last summer spent some days with him at his

\* See Number 153.



country-seat, in a manner which would have been highly agreeable to a person of a more fashionable turn, but was to me rather fatiguing from its excess of gaiety and hospitality, which, according to my unpolite taste, were by no means consistent with the soft and serious pleasures of a rural retirement. He said, he perfectly agreed with me in my sentiments, and passed his time in the country in conformity to them: his manner of life, he was sure, would exactly suit me, and obligingly begged I would make the experiment, adding, that he should go down in a few days, and would carry me with him in his chariot. I accepted his invitation, not so much out of inclination, as curiosity to see a new scene of country life, formed on principles so opposite to what I had before experienced, and promised to attend him at the time appointed.

BUT first it will be proper to give some account of the birth, parentage, and education of my friend. He came young to his title, and a small estate, and was soon after sent to the university; where his title absurdly giving him the rank of nobility, and



his estate, though small, an allowance sufficient to support that rank at that place, he there contracted an affectation of grandeur, and a pert kind of self-importance, which he has ever since retained, and which neither poverty nor solitude has yet been able to conquer. Having in two or three years acquired the usual advantages of that sort of education, such as the arts of sporting, toasting, billiards and coachmanship, he came to London, entered into the gay world, and had address and qualifications sufficient to introduce himself into what he still calls the best company; that is, the company of smarts, bucks, jockeys and gamesters. Nor was he deficient in point of gallantry; for he soon commenced an intrigue with the sister of one of these his friends. Whether his intentions were at first honourable, is not perfectly clear; but he was quickly obliged to declare them so, being acquainted, that a lady of her rank was not to be trifled with, and that he must either fight or marry; the latter of which he courageously chose, as being the most daring action of the two.

This



This lady had more gentility than beauty, more beauty than understanding, more understanding than fortune, and a fortune about equal to her reputation. She was tall and well-shaped, carried her head very high, and being the younger daughter of the younger son of the first cousin of an Irish baron, looked upon herself as a woman of quality. In a little time sir Harry heartily hated her for compelling him to marry; and she no less despised him for being compelled: so that finding little happiness at home, they were obliged to seek it abroad at plays and routs, operas and gaming-tables, at no small expence. This could not continue long; so that before one winter was at an end, they discovered that the town-air would not agree with them, and so retired to their country seat, about forty miles from London; whither I shall now conduct my reader.

On the morning appointed, I attended early at their lodgings in town, where I found the post-chariot at the door, and my friend standing by it, with a long whip in his hand, ready to mount the  
box;



box; saying at the same time, that coachmen were such insolent and expensive rascals, there was no keeping them, and that therefore he always chose to be his own. In the parlour sat my lady, and colonel Macsnean, a gentleman who had long been very intimate with sir Harry, and not less so with her ladyship; and in the passage stood her French-woman, in a sack and long ruffles, with her arms full of band-boxes and bundles; which were no sooner disposed of in various parts of the chariot, than my lady and myself, with her woman on a low stool at our feet, were stuffed into the little room that was left. Sir Harry mounted the box, his valet de chambre rode by, and a sniveling footboy climbed up behind. Thus the whole family, with their baggage, and myself into the bargain, were conveyed without the expence of either a stage coach or a waggon.

Nothing passed during our journey worth relating. Her ladyship spoke little, and that little was only complaints of her bad nerves, and ill state of health; to which, having no expectation  
of



of a fee, I paid little attention. They both declared, that nobody but a carrier would dine at an inn, wherefore they never stopped on the road: so with the assistance of a fresh pair of horses, that had come twenty miles that morning without a bait, about sun-set we arrived at our journey's end. The colonel got there before us, having rode post: for sir Harry frequently declared to us both, that, tho' his friends were welcome, he never entertained their horses; that it was not the fashion of that country; neither my lord \* \*, nor the duke of \* \* \*, nor himself did it.

It was not long before the dinner made its appearance; which was so very genteel, that had it not been rendered uneatable by a bad affectation of French cookery, it would not have been half sufficient, after so many miles travelling, and so long fasting. At the conclusion we had meed, which passed for tokay, and elder wine, which sir Harry swore was the best Burgundy in England, and that he himself had imported it, in conjunction with a noble lord in the neighbourhood. Over a glass of  
7 this,



this, the cloth being removed, he informed us,  
“ that when the smoke of London, and the bad  
“ hours incident to keeping good company, would  
“ no longer agree with his own or his wife’s con-  
“ stitution, he had determined to seek health and  
“ quiet in an elegant retirement. He had been  
“ offered indeed a seat in parliament, and a con-  
“ siderable employment; but his crazy constitution  
“ would not permit him to accept of the one, nor  
“ his sound principles of the other. Retirement  
“ was their object; therefore all they dreaded was  
“ the horrible irruptions of a country neighbour-  
“ hood; but this they had happily prevented.  
“ That indeed on their first coming, every family  
“ within ten miles round, tormented them with  
“ their impertinent visits; but they returned none,  
“ affronted them all, and so got rid of them. Don’t  
“ you think we did right, my dear? turning to  
“ his wife.” “ I think, answered she in a surly  
“ and dejected voice, that it is better to forget the  
“ use of one’s tongue, than to converse with squires  
“ wives, and parsons daughters.” You are right,  
“ madam,



“ madam, added the colonel, with an oath and a  
 “ loud laugh ; for what can one learn in such a  
 “ damned company ?” “ To morrow, says my  
 “ friend, addressing himself to me, you shall see  
 “ that we want no company, and that we can suf-  
 “ ficiently amuse ourselves with building and plant-  
 “ ing, with improvements and alterations, which  
 “ I dare say will be honoured with your appro-  
 “ bation.”

ACCORDINGLY the next morning, as soon as breakfast was finished, my lady and the colonel retired into her dressing room to cribbage, and sir Harry and myself to reconnoitre the place. The house stands at the end of a dirty village, and close by it are a few tame deer, impounded in an orchard, to which he gives the pompous title of a park. Behind is a fen, which he calls a piece of water, and before it a goose-common, on which he bestows the name of a lawn. It was built in that deplorable æra of English architecture which introduced high doors, long windows, small rooms, and corner chimneys ; and of gardening, which  
 pro-



projected gravel walks, clipt yews, and strait-lined avenues, with a profusion of brick walls, iron palisado's and leaden images. But all these defects, and many others, he has now corrected by a judicious application of modern taste. His doors are so reduced, you cannot enter with your hat on; and his windows so contracted, that you have scarce light enough to find it, if you pull it off. In the midst of the front, one large bow-window is stuck on, resembling a piece of whited brown paper plaistered on a broken nose; and a great room is added behind to dine in, which, was it ever inhabited, would make all the little ones appear still less: but having never yet been finished, for want both of cash and credit, it remains at present only a repository for broken china, a pair of backgammon tables, and the children's play-things. His brick-walls are converted into chimneys and ovens, and his yew-trees supply them with faggots: his iron-work is sold to the blacksmiths, and his heathen gods to the plumber, for the pious use of covering the parish-church: his gravel walks are sown with grass; and he frequently repeats that frugal, yet



yet genteel maxim, that sheep are the best gardeners. His horse-pond being made serpentine, is become useless, lest it should be trod up; and his fences, being all Chinese, are no fences at all; the horses leaping over, and the hogs walking under them at their pleasure. The transplanted avenue is expiring in leafless platoons; the kitchen-garden, for conveniency, is removed two furlongs from the house; and the kitchen itself unjustly turned out of doors, for smelling of victuals; a crime of which it has ever been acquitted by the voice of the whole country.

WHEN our survey was finished, our amusements were all at an end; for within doors the pleasures both of society and solitude were equally wanting. Of our conversation I have given a specimen; and books there were none, except a small one containing tunes for the French horn, belonging to sir Harry, and the third volume of Peregrine Pickle, and a methodist prayer-book, the property of her ladyship. I began now to wish for a little of my friend sir John's hospitality, of which there was not here  
the



the least appearance. We heard not of a human creature, except by their injuries and insults, not altogether indeed unprovoked; for the pantry and the cellar, though usually empty, were always locked. Strong-beer there was none; and the small, though nobody at home could drink it, was not suffered to be given away. The servants were always out of humour, and frequently changing; and the tradesmen who brought their bills, were paid only by a wrangle, or a draught on some tenant who owed no rent. There was not a neighbour very near, except the parson of the parish, and alderman Grub, a rich citizen, who had purchased a considerable part of it from sir Harry. With these they lived in a state of perpetual hostilities: they quarrelled with the alderman for presuming to buy an estate which they wanted to sell; and the parson quarrelled with Them, because he was in possession of the only living in the gift of sir Harry, and the alderman had a much better to dispose of. By the encouragement of these good neighbours, and their own ill conduct, consisting  
of



of a strange mixture of insolence and avarice, of meanness and magnificence, they were despised, persecuted and affronted by all around them. Their pigs were worried, their poultry murdered, their dogs poisoned, their game destroyed, their hedges broke, and their hay-stacks set on fire. They were hissed and hooted at; and now and then a great pair of horns were fixed on their gates; an insult at which they were highly enraged, but the meaning of which neither sir Harry, nor my lady, not even with the assistance of the colonel, could ever guess at.

I soon grew weary of this land of contention and uneasiness; and having recourse to the old excuse of urgent business, I took my leave, and went post to town; reflecting all the way with surprise on the ingenuity of mankind, to render themselves at once miserable and ridiculous; and lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural life are now scarce any where to be found.



of a strange mixture of intellect and avidity of  
knowledge and imagination, they were capable of  
perfection and attained by an arduous strain. Their  
pigs were world, their horses unworldly, their  
dogs polished, their game delivered, their fowls  
broken, and their hay the best in the country.  
Hills and mountains, and new and old, were  
not of the same value to them. Their game was  
not what it was in the old days, but the means  
of living were not changed. In fact, not a day  
passed without the alliance of the colored people.

And now, I am in the land of the  
I am now weary of this land of  
and nature; and having recourse to the old  
excuse of a great distance, I took my leave and  
went out to town, reflecting all the way with  
surprise on the ingenuity of mankind, to render  
themselves at once unhappy and miserable; and  
lamenting that the happiness and innocence of rural  
life are now scarce any where to be found.



SHORT BUT SERIOUS  
REASONS  
FOR A  
NATIONAL MILITIA.

*Militia potier.*

HOR.

Written in the Year 1757.



**I**T is necessary to remind the reader, that the following reasons were offered in defence of the Militia, as first proposed in its original and constitutional form; but are not in the least applicable to it in its present militated estate; in which, it is only a new and more dangerous mode of a standing army, for the perpetual continuance of which it would be by no means easy to find any reasons as solid and conclusive as these.





SHORT BUT SERIOUS  
REASONS, &c.

**I**N this age of levity and ridicule, it is extremely difficult to procure a serious attention to any proposal, however important, or however wisely calculated for the public benefit; but sure if there ever was a proposition deserving attention from every true Englishman, it is this for the establishment of a National Militia, now under the consideration of the legislature; on the success of which I sincerely think, that our glory abroad, our security at home, and our very being as a nation, intirely depend.

So manifest is the truth of this to the meanest and most absurd understandings, that I never met



with one of that kind who has not been clearly convinced of it ; to such therefore I shall not here address myself, but to the wise and sagacious only, many of whom, to my great surprize, I have found of a very different opinion: to these then I shall endeavour to prove, in as few words as possible, the truth of the following propositions.

1st, That such a militia may soon be rendered not at all inferior to our present regular forces.

2dly, That it will effectually secure our liberties, properties, and religion.

3dly, That it will strengthen the hands of government.

4thly, That it will reduce the price of our provisions and manufactures, and extend our trade.

5thly, That it will increase the number of our people ; and,

Lastly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public.

First,



First, then, I shall endeavour to prove that a militia may very soon be rendered not at all inferior to our present regular forces: and whoever will look back on the behaviour of these forces for some years past both by land and sea, will be convinced that this is no very arduous undertaking; nor be under any doubt, but that after a few days exercise, they will behave as valiantly as our regiments at Falkirk, Preston Pans, or Oswego; or our fleets in the Mediterranean \*. Nor can I indeed comprehend from whence their inferiority should proceed; unless strong-beer should inspire less true courage than gin; or being trained in a country church-yard, produce a less familiarity with death than performing the same exercise in the gay scenes of Hyde-Park or St. James's. If it be objected that they will be deficient in military knowledge and experience; I answer, they

\* Since the writing of this, the bravery and conduct of our regular forces, both by sea, and land, in every quarter of the globe, have been so unexampled; that, notwithstanding the author's partiality for the Militia, he is candid enough to acknowledge, that he begins to have some small doubts, whether those corps may ever be able altogether to equal them.



will fight the better: the utility of these qualifications in the day of battle is a vulgar error, propagated like all others, for want of reasoning; for all fighting being in its own nature contradictory to common sense, it can never be promoted by knowledge: military knowledge therefore can never be that sort of knowledge which enables men to fight; but that which enables them to find out good reasons for not fighting; or if they should be bad, to call in the assistance of councils of war and court-martials to make them better. Much less sure will experience induce men to fight, unless we can believe that wounds and bruises, like coffee and tobacco, though disagreeable at first tasting, grow pleasant by frequent repetitions.

Secondly, That such a militia will secure our liberties, properties, and religion. The liberties we so justly value in this country are these, that every one may think and write, and say and do whatever he pleases; our properties comprehend all things of which we are in possession, by whatever means they have been acquired; these can

cer-



certainly no way be so effectually secured to us as by the use of arms, by which we may at all times defend ourselves from the attacks of judges and juries, from writs and ejections, from goals and pillories, with all the tyranny of justices, and impertinence of constables, grievances not to be endured in a free country. As to our religion, a scheme of this kind must have most salutary effects, since a bill only for its establishment has already produced unanimity between our church divines and dissenters in one sensible and pious opinion \*; an event perhaps not easy to be remembered on any other occasion.

Thirdly, That it will strengthen the hands of government, which in this nation being, by the consent of all true patriots, allowed to be the sole right of the lowest of the people, or mob, with whom such patriots wonderfully agree in their political sentiments, what can so effectually secure to them the dominion they now exercise over us, as

\* In opposing that part of it which enacted, that the militia should be exercised on Sundays.



putting arms into their hands, and teaching them how to use them? This must certainly strengthen the hands of these our governors, and consequently of government itself.

Fourthly, It will reduce the price of our provisions and manufactures, and extend our trade; because when the good people of England are thus armed and disciplined, they will be enabled to take away meat, corn, and malt, and all other provisions, from forestallers and ingrossers, butchers, millers, and farmers, at a reasonable price, of which they themselves must always be the best and most impartial judges. When the price of provisions is thus happily reduced, that of our manufactures must inevitably fall in due proportion; and the reduction of these must as certainly carry more of them to foreign markets, and consequently extend our trade. The truth of this has been so often demonstrated by all writers on trade, and all whose trade is writing, that it is here needless to say any more on the subject.

Fifthly, That it will increase the number of our people: to be convinced of which, gentle reader, figure to thyself all the handsomest young fellows



in every county, each armed like the hero in a romance, drest, powdered, and toupeed by the reforming hand of a genteel serjeant ; then turn thy eyes to the numerous groupe of fair spectators in funday gowns and clean linen, who will not fail to attend so tempting a show ; then, if thou hast not lost all feeling both mental and corporeal, thou canst not doubt but that so much valour on one side, and so much beauty on the other, will certainly produce much mutual affection, and that this will as infallibly be the cause of much procreation, and in a great measure repair the losses occasioned by our migrations to America, and the depredations of gin. If it be objected, that to balance this many lives will be lost by the institution of these forces, by the accidental discharge of their firelocks, or the too valiant use of their swords in drunken quarrels ; I answer, these accidents may sometimes happen ; but, as on the most moderate computation, every one in these corps will probably beget three children before he kills one man, it cannot fail to increase the number of our people. Though this good effect of this truly national scheme has not, that I know of, been observed by any author, who has undertaken to recommend it

to



to the publick, yet it has not escaped the quick-fighted eyes of our sagacious legislature\*, who, on this very account, have this year voted a large sum to the Foundling Hospital, and propose to increase it still further as soon as these national forces begin to act in the service of their country.

Lastly, That it may be carried into execution without any expence to the public, and this by a method so extremely obvious, that it is surprizing the wisdom of Parliament has not discovered it. The method I mean is no more than this: that as every man who attends on the days of exercise, and continues sober, is by the present bill to receive sixpence, I would have it further enacted, that every one who is drunk on those days should pay the said sum of sixpence, to be applied towards the support of this national force: a very small penalty, sure, for so great a neglect of duty where the safety of his country is at stake. Now whoever has been present at a fair, a sessions, a horse-

\* This sessions the parliament voted a much greater sum to the Foundling Hospital than had ever been before thought on.



race, an assizes, a cricket-match, or a visitation, or any other numerous meeting in the country, must know, that on the most enlarged computation, the number of sober cannot exceed the proportion of one in ten of those who are drunk ; and there is no reason that I know of to suppose that the majority will be less on this occasion. If so, the public, we see, will receive nine times the sum every day that it will be required to pay, and consequently the remaining eight parts will amply supply these forces with arms, ammunition, cloaths, and accoutrements. But if this should not be found quite sufficient, considering how frequently they will probably be lost, a small matter laid on oaths, many of which they will readily learn from the instructions of their serjeants, would easily supply all deficiencies, and if the landed officers of these corps would submit to the same penalties, it would much increase the fund : but as these gentlemen, who are to receive nothing for being sober, may think it hard to pay sixpence for being drunk, I would by no means insist on their being included, especially, as I doubt not, but the sum thus raised will be  
suffi.



sufficient to defray all expences, and totally to indemnify the public revenues.

The objections made to this scheme are so frivolous and absurd, that they are by no means worthy of observation; but of one or two I will just take notice. It is asserted, that gentlemen of estates in the country, will never submit to the duty of officers without pay; but whoever considers how ready these gentlemen are, on all occasions, to execute the offices of justices of the peace, commissioners of taxes, and turnpikes; how earnest to spend half their time and all their estates to acquire seats, and to attend their duty in Parliament, from whence no possible advantage can accrue, must be satisfied that this is but an unjust suspicion, founded on no reason, and inconsistent with the true zeal which they have ever shewn in the cause of their country.

It is also apprehended, that many of these gentlemen, by indolence, corpulency, age, or gout, will be rendered incapable of fighting; but the very reverse of this is certainly true, because these very  
infr-



infirmities will make it impossible for them to run away.

AND now having demonstrated the truth of every one of my propositions beyond the power of all ministerial scribblers to disprove, I shall conclude, by recommending this necessary scheme to the protection of all true lovers of their country, earnestly wishing, that nothing may prevent it from being put in execution as soon as possible: then, O Britain, O my country, will I congratulate thee on the consummation of thy prosperity, and the happy period of all thy calamities. Long have thy true patriots wished to see thee engaged singly in a war with France, which, from thy natural superiority, must always be attended with glory and success: long hast thou groaned under the oppressions of mercenary allies abroad, and rapacious ministers at home: but at last the time, the happy time is arrived, when our wishes are all fulfilled, and our misfortunes wiped away; when we are in full possession of such a glorious war, without any allies, or any administration at all.

— *quod optanti nemo promittere Divum  
Auderet,volvenda Dies en attulit ultro!*

F I N I S.

































Miscellaneous Pieces In Two Volumes

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